

# MAINE FARMER AND MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

WILLIAM NOYES,  
Publisher.

Saturday Morning,  
March 25, 1843.

PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY AT PORTLAND AND WINTHROP.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

EZEKIEL HOLMES,  
FRANCIS O. J. SMITH, } Editors.

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## Maine Farmer and Mechanic's Advocate.

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WILLIAM NOYES,  
WINTHROP.

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the Eastern Farmer.

Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest acceptation  
of the word.—Talleyrand.



## MAINE FARMER.

### Bommer's mode of manufacturing Ma- nure.

It will be recollected that Mr. Barton gave us some  
queries and doubts in No. 9, respecting Bommer's  
process of manufacturing manure. We sent Mr.  
Barnet a paper containing a communication and he  
has promised to answer him. We also enquired of  
him how far the expression "cleared land" in his  
advertisement was meant to extend? whether to  
arable land only, or all land that had been divested  
of trees?

The following letter will explain it. Since our  
last number went to press, we have received a  
pamphlet containing Mr. Bommer's process. Of  
course we have not yet been able to experiment  
with it. We will say, however, that the process is  
simple and consists in combining materials together  
forming a putrescent liquor which consequently  
contains all the essentials to produce fermentation  
when applied to substances that will un-  
dergo the process, such as vegetable or animal mat-  
ter. It is not, as friend Barton, suggests four or  
five barrels of lime. We have faith that it will do  
what is engaged for, with straw, weeds &c.  
We shall institute some experiments with it on peat,  
and if it will also do as well with this material as  
with the above, it will be of great service to the  
farmers of Maine.

Extract from Mr. B's Letter.

As to the fears evinced that Mr. Bommer's in-  
vention will turn out to be a hoax I have the full-  
est confidence that all such apprehensions will be  
at once dissipated, whenever its practical utility is  
fairly tested by your community. I can assure you  
that I assumed the general agency for Mr. Bommer  
with due caution. As a preliminary step, I applied  
to Professor Ives, of Yale College, for his investi-  
gation and opinion of Mr. Bommer's theory. I told  
Dr. Ives that, although I was nominated as Mr. Bom-  
mer's agent yet if it were a mere humbug, I wished  
to have nothing to do with it. After a thorough  
examination of the method, Dr. Ives unhesitatingly  
gave me his judgment in the case in his laconic  
and yet comprehensive communication addressed to  
me a copy of which you have seen. You are aware  
that the United States Agricultural Society have  
endeavored to select one prominent intelligent  
and influential gentleman from each State as  
Vice President of that institution. Doctor Ives  
well known as a gentleman duly qualified re-  
ceived the appointment from that honorable body,  
as Vice President for the State of Connecticut. In-  
deed Sir, the character which Dr. Ives has sustained  
through a long and useful life and the important  
and responsible stations which he has filled with  
fidelity and usefulness, place him above all suspi-  
cion. As far as theory is concerned, I deem Dr.  
Ives' testimony to be important. In relation to  
practical utility every trial that has been made in  
conformity to Mr. Bommer's directions has proved  
successful and when it has been most used, it is  
by far the most highly esteemed. The experiment  
that was made in Albany last Fall under the in-  
spection of the committee appointed by the Agri-  
cultural Society of the State of New York, was  
witnessed by hundreds and gave general satisfac-  
tion. Practical farmers in different parts of the  
country have tested and acknowledged its advan-  
tages. At this time, with the amount of evidence in  
its favor which is brought before the public, I should  
think that any man of general intelligence must  
possess more than an ordinary share of incredulity,  
who could entertain any serious doubts on the sub-  
ject.

His hair is employed by the saddlers in filling  
collars, pummels of saddles, cruppers, &c., his mane  
enters into the fabrication of ropes, mattresses and  
other objects. Mr. Moland, member of the Royal  
and central society of Agriculture occupied him-  
self a long time in forming, with the molar teeth  
of the horse mill proper to grind corn and other grains.

*Equus Arinus—The Ass.*

Faithful companion of the poor, useful and des-  
pised like him. The Ass is smaller and weaker  
than the Horse, but more easily nourished and less  
subject to diseases. Almost exclusively destined  
to the pack saddle, he finds himself excluded from  
the brilliant exercises in which the Horse shows  
himself with so much advantage. The milk of the  
ass is a light aliment and is administered to per-  
sons who are weak in the lungs.

The products which we obtain from the carcass  
of the ass are of little utility. The flesh of the  
colts are however good to eat and it composes a  
dish as delicate as that of the flesh of the calf.

The skin of the ass properly prepared is used to  
cover drums, the other parts of the animal is much  
less profitable than those of the horse.

Answer to "Queries respecting Roots."

In No. 4 of the Farmer "A Subscriber" wishes  
to know "if a man has got two cows and two tons  
of hay (which should be four) and wants the value  
of two tons of hay in roots, how many pounds or  
bushels of potatoes, turnips or carrots, must he get  
to supply the deficiency?"

It is generally the case we have about six months  
to feed, or one hundred and eighty-two days. There-  
fore I should think that in order to make up the  
deficiency in hay, the two cows would want  
one half bushel of potatoes a piece every day, which  
would make one hundred and eighty-two bushels.

It would, I should think, take in turnips or carrots,  
one third or half more. I have no great experience  
as to carrots, but have fed stock on turnips for a  
number of years.

"Subscriber" says "he has asked a number of  
people what they know of feeding potatoes to stock,  
and they think a ton of potatoes is as good with a  
ton of hay as two tons of hay." One cow that eats  
two tons of hay in 182 days, eats about 22 lbs. per  
day. Thirty-two bushels of potatoes weigh one  
ton, and 64 of course two tons, and if potatoes are

The number of species of domestic animals varies  
according to the countries and according to the  
manner in which the study of them is considered.  
Naturalists, such as Buffon, have ranged in this cat-  
egory a multitude of animals, among which we see  
the Horse, the Ass, the Mule, the Zebra, the Ox,  
the Sheep, the Goat, the Reindeer, the Chamois,  
the Dromedary, the Vigou, the Alpaca, the Lama,  
the Deer, the Stag, the Roe Buck, the Hog, the  
Dog, the Cat, &c.

Having an end very different from the Natural-  
ist, the veterinarian ought to confine himself to ani-  
mals the most usefully employed,—to restrict him-  
self to those for the preservation and education of  
which man takes a particular care and makes more  
or less use of.

Going upon this principle we shall only put into  
the number of domestic animals, the following—

Firstly,—among the quadrupeds, the Horse, the  
Ass, the Mule, the Ox, the Sheep, the Goat, the  
Hog, the Dog and the Cat.

Secondly,—among the fowls—Barn door fowls  
more commonly called the poultry.

All the domestic quadrupeds are mammiferous,  
the greatest number is herbivorous such as the  
Horse, the Ass, the Mule, the Ox, the Sheep and  
the Goat. The Hog is omnivorous, and the Dog  
although preferring meat is equally nourished by  
vegetables. The cat, that of all other quadrupeds  
whose character is the least bent to the domestic  
state, is essentially carnivorous.

The Horse, the Ass and the Mule form the genus  
*solipedes* to which we have given the generic name  
of the horse (*Equus*) and they are more gastric.

The Ox, the Sheep and the Goat are ruminating  
animals—bipedated; they have four stomachs and  
are deprived of incisive teeth in the upper jaw.

The Hog is found among the *Pachydermata*. The  
Dog among the *Carnivora Plantigrade*, and the  
Cat among the *Carnivora Digitigrade*.

*Equus Caballus—The Horse.*

This quadruped, which during his life renders  
such important services to man and accompanies  
him in his brilliant exercise, in war, and in the  
chase, is one of the most precious of domestic ani-  
mals. The one on which is lavished the most particu-  
lar cares, the one finally on which the aids of the  
veterinary are most commonly required.

The Horse is employed as a beast for the saddle,  
he serves in the culture of the earth, in the carriage  
to draw or carry burdens. The Equine species  
yield a production in foals and mules, and they fur-  
nish a manure of important use in gardening.

Altho' the carcass is not of a value proportionate  
to the services which the healthy individual renders  
we can however get different products more or less  
advantageous. The skin tanned or cured serves  
to make shoes, harness, braces or covering to car-  
riages. His flesh is generally less valuable, we  
can however eat or make it into soap, it forms an  
excellent nourishment for carnivorous animals. It  
also nourishes Hogs, which become furious and  
even dangerous, especially to children whom they  
have sometimes devoured. His fat being melted,  
forms an oil which we use in manufactures and for  
lighting cities. His bones being broken and prop-  
erly prepared are an excellent nourishment for  
poultry, some of the bones serve for button holes  
and handles to instruments, all are collected for  
the making of the powder of animal charcoal as well  
as for the making of glue.

The tendons and other white parts furnish strong  
glue,—the horn of the hoof serves to make combs  
and other objects of commerce. In causing him to  
undergo some chemical operations, we obtain from  
him Prussian blue, (Cyanuret of Iron).

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day. Thirty-two bushels of potatoes weigh one  
ton, and 64 of course two tons, and if potatoes are

equal per pound to hay, 22 lbs of potatoes would be  
the amount per day, or eleven qts. of potatoes for  
one cow per day, allowing hay and potatoes to be  
equal per pound.

There are some small fractions in the above reck-  
oning. We will call the common price of hay ten  
dollars per ton, and potatoes 25 cents, it would take  
ninety one bushels at a half bushel each feeding  
day, allowing 182 days, and twenty-five cents per  
bushel would amount to \$22 and 75 cents.

"A little" reckoning among us farmers "is a  
dangerous thing." In my opinion, hay is the  
"staff of life" among stock kind. You ask farm-  
ers which will support a cow the longest, a pound  
of hay or a pound of potatoes, and they will as often  
say hay as potatoes, whereas a cow will eat sixty-  
three pounds of potatoes or one bushel, and con-  
siderable hay besides. I should suppose from ob-  
servation, that hay has between two or three times  
as much of that which goes to support life as po-  
tatoes have. Would any one think of keeping a  
cow on 22 pounds or eleven qts. of potatoes per  
day?

In my opinion, hay in this County is far the  
cheapest to winter all kinds of stock upon. This  
winter we kept thirteen cows on straw and potatoes,  
calculating to give them one peck of potatoes per  
cow, which will amount to forty-five and a half  
bushels per cow; these potatoes will amount to \$11  
and 50 cents, at 25 cts. per bushel; these added to  
the extra trouble in feeding and the straw, will  
make it more expensive than hay.

Some are wintering on straw alone in Piscata-  
quis, and say that their stock looks first rate. We  
farmers cannot square our business with square and  
compasses—some years an abundance of one kind  
of crop & a scarcity of another, therefore when we  
don't have that which is the best & the cheapest to  
winter stock on, we must take that which is next  
the best and cheapest.

There is one thing I have made up my mind on,  
some time ago, viz. that hay is a cheap & profitable  
crop, and that we should not raise ruta bagas or  
other roots to the lessening of our hay crop.

That which supports life longest according to  
scientific calculations does not have always the  
most parts of nutritive matter. It depends more on  
some peculiar property it has, or some combi-  
nation which it forms, than on the actual quantity  
of nutritive matter which it contains.

Cattle and Horses are different in their animal  
construction. Cattle need more bulky feed to be  
fed at profit than horses, such as straw, and hay.  
Horse's stomachs are small and require food more  
compact, such as hay, oats and potatoes.

"Subscriber" says "he wishes to know if raw  
potatoes fed to milk cows, the same as you would  
to cattle that are fattening, (provided they have as  
much hay as they will eat) whether it will sap the  
flesh to disadvantage or not as a dairy loan?"

I have never known a cow to die off, fed with a  
large quantity of *Potatoes*, unless she was choked  
although I have heard some old farmers say that it  
would make cows grow poor, that give milk to give  
them potatoes!!

I knew a gentleman in the city that had a good old  
cow, that he thought he would not winter again, she  
had been a first rate milker. He thought it would  
look a little "betyish" to try to winter the old  
"Pot" any longer, therefore he took her into the  
stable, bought fifty bushels of potatoes, and com-  
menced feeding one bushel per day and some oats  
left by one horse. The cow gained well, and when  
killed was good beef, had a good lot of tallow,  
gave a large quantity of milk, for the last thing he  
did to her before killing her, was to take a good  
mess of milk from her.

I have fed to farrow cows potatoes for years and  
have given roots to no others took to that advantage.

No other roots that I have ever used produce  
that quantity of milk that potatoes will, and there is  
no other so sure a crop although I would not discard,  
in all circumstances the raising of other roots.

Have you a piece of land that is too rich to grow  
potatoes on (by accident I hope), then sow ruta  
bagas, you know potatoes are something like us,  
will not bear too much prosperity, for roots are so  
full of "sap" that it will not hurt them at all.

Some one has called the Potato the king of roots;  
I will give it a name more Republican—the Presi-  
dent of roots. There is one more thing about po-  
tatoes that my grand-mother brought down from  
Cape Cod, and we have followed up the rule in our  
family to advantage "long time ago." In order to  
have a cow do well in calving, give a few pota-  
toes with hay a fortnight before the time.

La Grange, March 5, 1843.

Advancement of Industry.

Mr. HOLMES:—I once more seize my pen, with  
a view to inform you that I have not forgotten the  
subject of industry. I am pleased to see that quite  
a number of writers have appeared in your columns.  
Certainly it is of immense importance that useful  
knowledge be disseminated among the people. It  
is well known I suppose that I am really friendly to  
the agricultural interest. I hope that I do not  
write merely to be "seen of men" but for the pur-  
pose of conveying, as far as I am able, useful in-  
formation to the people. Now it is well known  
that your paper has nothing to do with party poli-  
tics—but then, with every thing pertaining to  
politics we may, I think, take "full latitude," to  
use an expression of one of your correspondents.

"But let the question be asked," Is the policy of  
our government, (understand I mean national and  
state governments) wise?—Is it of such a texture  
that we may have reason to suppose that our coun-  
try can ever become distinguished for wealth and  
prosperity without a change of measures. That we  
have some wicked demagogues belonging to each  
of the parties is a question which can be placed be-  
yond the reach of doubt. To disseminate the  
right kind of knowledge among the people is an

important, and undoubtedly will be a pleasing task.  
Whether we shall be able to effect a reform, or not  
remains to be seen. Certainly we have a goodly  
number of men in our country who are blessed with  
a goodly share of (at least) common sense. And  
will not "even mean self love" itself, to say noth-  
ing of patriotism induce men at length to act un-  
derstandingly and with energy?

Let us now commence the good work of reform,  
and may an all-wise Providence strengthen every  
patriot to perform his duty faithfully.

J. E. ROLFE.

### A Chapter upon Capital.

Mr. HOLMES:—Perhaps it may be difficult to  
say any thing new upon a subject so much mooted  
as capital. I will nevertheless attempt to place  
some of the common truths in a clear light; and to  
speak the minds of farmers by putting them in  
mind of the abundance of capital which they pos-  
sess. This term, if I mistake not, more generally  
means money considered as an operative agent, by  
which other agents are developed and made to  
produce value. But I am of opinion that it may  
with justice be used to express any kind of pro-  
ductive agency, at least, in this sense I shall ven-  
ture to use it upon the present occasion; conse-  
quently in attempting to give an account of the  
capital of farmers I shall endeavor to enumerate  
the various agencies which the God of nature hath  
put in their power for the purpose of procuring that  
which is valuable.

In the first place, the land with all its rocks, trees,  
and springs, is the capital of the farmer—these are  
natural agents or elements of power by which  
things required to be used are produced. Strength  
of man, and the strength of animals is another spe-  
cies of capital, or natural agents, which, when put  
into the right kind of action, in connection with  
the farmer render them productive of valuable things.

But it is obvious that rich land and labor might en-  
tirely fail of producing much that was valuable un-  
less the labor was directed by judgment and per-  
formed with skill. We see then that three kinds  
of capital necessary to procure things of value  
from the earth. These I shall call primary capital,  
in order to distinguish them from other capital  
kinds which I shall term secondary. Skill and  
judgment is a species of capital, which I think on  
account of its importance should be reckoned first,  
if not placed with the first species. All the natu-  
ral ability of mind which the farmer may possess is  
so much capital, and upon the investment and im-  
provement of this, depends his success. It is by  
means of knowledge and resolution of mind that  
the strong hand is put in motion and applied in a  
right manner to the cultivation of the land. If the  
judgment be sound and the mind resolute, every  
blow of the hand is effective. A man of under-  
standing labors to some purpose. He calculates  
before hand the effect of his efforts, and consequent-  
ly loses nothing by random and desultory exer-  
tions. Mental capital prevents the loss of other  
capital by teachings its right use. From what I  
have said above, is it not fair to infer the great val-  
ue of science to the farmer; it is mental capital.  
It teaches him to use the air the earth and water,—  
the rocks, trees, and animals of the earth in a right  
manner, it teaches him to apply all other kinds of  
capital in a manner calculated to produce the most  
happy results.

SENeca.

### A YANKEE INVENTION—MACHINE FOR HEAVING STONES.

The Glasgow Herald (Scotland) gives the  
following account of a Machine put in operation at  
Glasgow, which is the veritable invention, some  
half a dozen years since made and secured in this  
country by letters patent, by Doct. John D. Russell,  
a resident of Cape Elizabeth, adjoining the city of  
Portland. After many years of anxious study, and  
exhaustion of capital, Doct. B. brought his invention  
to all desired perfection, and there is now in the  
city of New York or Philadelphia the substantive  
part of one of his machines, the completion of  
which has been suspended for four or five years  
past, for want of capital to complete and get it  
in operation. But it has been seen and its utility test-  
ed, and the New York Institute awarded the in-  
ventor a gold medal and another honor badge of  
his high approbation of it. And foreign capitalists  
have now seized upon the thought, reduced it to practice  
and are proclaiming it as a wonder of the age! And  
their interest—no even to the mention of his name!  
And yet, because we are this side of the Atlantic,  
refuse to pass copyright laws, to give every writer  
of a pretty sentiment upon the other side of the  
Atlantic the exclusive right to republish it here,  
and make our people pay for it any price that  
may be exacted, our nation is abused by our trans-  
Atlantic brothers as a nation of pirates, pick-pockets and  
thieves! The article from the Herald describing the  
machine is as follows:—

"It is driven by a strong steam engine, and is in-  
tended for the larger sizes of stones, but can be used,  
we understand, at any time for the smaller kind.  
The experiments of Friday were to show how the  
machine will dress the K-munare rock, which is per-  
haps the best and stiffest of the freestone employed  
in the buildings of Glasgow, and most extensively  
used for the finest fronts. The trial showed that this  
new and grand machine is perfectly able to put out  
of its hands beautiful work, and at a rate which, if  
practised in a complete establishment, and on a  
large scale, will go far to revolutionize the trade.  
The stones pass through the machine on a long train  
of carriages, each carriage having one stone fixed  
into it. The cutting is performed by revolving  
wheels having tools fastened to them. The stones  
enter at one end of the machine, rough as they come  
from the quarryman's pick, and at the other end  
come out hewn and polished on the surface, and  
cut straight and square down the sides. The stones  
dressed on Friday were of the size of ordinary ash-  
lar. Eight of them, containing forty feet of surface  
work and thirty feet of side heaving, passed out in  
twenty minutes, which is equal to the labor of 120  
men; but as the capacity of the machine is for work  
two and a half times the breadth of this, and as it  
has already dressed the broad work many times with  
the same facility, it is equal, we are informed, to 300  
men. The greatest difficulty in the way of prepar-  
ing building stones by machinery, was presumed to  
be the preserving the corners and edges unbroken

and unurt. This difficulty, however, has been ef-  
fectually obviated by this machine. The cost of this  
machine, with the engine to drive it, will vary from  
£400 to £600."

COMPLICATED AND JUST.—The following resolu-  
tion was unanimously passed at the South Agricul-  
tural Meeting, at the State House in Boston:—

Resolved, That the farmers of this Commonwealth,  
here assembled weekly during the present session of  
the Legislature, for the purpose of discussing and  
considering subjects pertaining to agriculture, have  
heard, with pleasure, that their distinguished fellow-  
laborer, Rev. HENRY COLMAN, late Agricultural  
Commissioner of the Commonwealth, and as such,  
the Sinclair of America, intends visiting Europe the  
coming season. Few, in our country, have as voca-  
ted with more zeal and eloquence the farming inter-  
ests; few have collected such funds of agricultural  
statistics, or been so industrious in dispensing the  
same for the public good. Therefore, we must cheer-  
fully recommend him to the civilizing and kind at-  
tention of European agriculturists.

Noted, That the above resolve, signed by the offi-  
cers of the meeting, be communicated to Rev. HENRY  
COLMAN, and that such agricultural papers in  
this country, as may concur with us in sentiment  
be requested to publish the same.

We gather the following opinions from a dis-  
cussion of Dr. JACKSON, in the sixth Agricultural  
winter meeting at the State House in Boston:—

He spoke of the use of Lime as a manure, and  
described the mode of employing it, as one of the  
most delicate and beautiful operations the farmer  
could perform. Lime when mixed with peat and  
animal matter became perfectly carbonated, by the  
carbonic acid given out during fermentation. It  
was a great decomposition of manures, and when  
composted and put upon sandy soil, it was never  
known to fail of producing a good effect.

Lime was the most valuable manure, because it  
was the cheapest; one cask of lime being equal to  
a cord of manure. A farmer in Rhode Island, mixed  
night soil with barn manure, but was unable to  
rid his manure of the bad odor, until advised to ap-  
ply lime; he tried it, in a short time the manure  
grew warm, and as black as macaboy snuff, and had  
a strong offensive quality.

In making compost of animal matter, only a small  
quantity of lime should be used; the lime used in  
manure should always be slacked be-  
fore using, or the manure would not mix evenly.

He spoke of peat as a manure; though contain-  
ing a large quantity of the sulphate of iron, which  
was well known to be a deadly poison to plants.  
It was a valuable ingredient in compost manure  
formed of lime and animal matter, which should be  
used as a top dressing.

Alkalies of potash and soda, were very valuable in  
the treatment of manures; the effect of potash was  
to render the vegetable humus soluble in water, ren-  
dering vegetation for a while extremely luxuriant;  
but if too freely used, it would deprive the soil of  
its vegetable matter, and render it barren.

The nitrates of potash and soda were both very  
valuable to the farmer. Pumpkin vines contained  
a large quantity of the nitrate of potash, which could  
be produced by compressing the vine. Hundreds  
and hundreds of ship-loads of potash were annually  
taken from the coast of Peru and Chili, in South  
America, and carried to England, where it was ex-  
tensively used.

The spoke of iron and manganese, which entered  
largely into the formation of forest trees; it was  
iron in the oak which turned the wood to a red color;  
there was iron enough in every man's hair to man-  
ufacture a pen-knife. It had been proved by  
chemistry, that from corn could be produced oil,  
bread, bones, sugar, alcohol and vinegar. The  
Tuscarora, or white corn, contained but little oil,  
and, therefore, was not profitable food for cattle,  
but was the best kind to cook, the meal being neu-  
trally as white as flour, and cooking quite tender.

Southern or yellow corn, contained more oil and  
less starch than the Tuscarora, and in consequence  
was better for manufacturing purposes. The Cana-  
da, or pop-corn, contained a small quantity of starch,  
but was the richest of the kinds of corn in oil; if  
placed in a heated vessel, it soon burst open by the  
explosion which it underwent, from which it had derived  
the name of pop-corn. The best manures for corn, were  
those producing the most ammonia.

He spoke of gypsum, which was composed of  
sulphate of lime, sulphuric acid, and 20 per cent.  
of water. As a manure it was not beneficial near the  
sea coast. On the soil of central France, 300 lbs.  
of salt was as beneficial as a ton of gypsum, and  
the effects were the same. The application of  
gypsum was not equally as beneficial in all parts of  
the country. Gypsum had been used on land of  
Mr. Cushing at Watertown, and had accomplished  
no more good than so much sand, which was owing  
to the soil being filled with sulphate of lime. Gypsum  
should be followed by lime, and a crop of clover,  
wheat, or grass. He then spoke of the good effect  
of ashes, as noticed by Professor Liebig; on a light,  
sandy soil, it was considered the best of all manures.  
Some experiments had been made by Mr. Mason, of  
Providence R. I., to test the fact, whether ashing a  
soil would exhaust it. On a pine barren, by ashing  
the soil, the crop had been increased from 15 to 50  
bushels on an acre; being a gain of 25-100 per  
cent; no animal manure had been applied to the  
soil, and the experiment showed the benefit to be  
derived from giving a light sandy soil.—Leaching  
ashes operated in the same manner.—It was requi-  
site to exercise great care in applying ashes to  
plants;—if applied too abundantly, the plants would  
rot to foliage.—High manuring favored the develop-  
ments of foliage. He spoke of *Poudrette* as a  
valuable manure, being composed of peat, night  
soil, and gypsum; and was made with or without  
lime, by the Boston Poudrette company. This man-  
ure is dry and has no bad smell.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING. The last number of  
the North American Review contains an interest-  
ing article on the subject of Landscape Gardening.  
The following extract is worthy of attention:

"When a new sensibility is thus awakened to  
appearance within the dwelling, he will begin to  
look around and around it with more discrimina-  
tion than before; and, if the sunflower and peony  
are near neighbors to the daisy and heliotrope, in  
his garden, he will begin to inquire within himself,  
whether either gains any real advantage from the im-  
mediate vicinity of the other. So, too, with the  
foliage of the trees to be near. He will begin to  
notice the graceful dignity of the elm, the firm  
grandeur of the oak, the tender gloom of the ever-  
green, and the pensive leaning of the willow.  
Where, in former days, he saw nothing but fuel  
and timber, he will find value, and, from domestic  
uses, he will derive either gain or real advantage from  
the immediate vicinity of the other. So, too, with the  
foliage of the trees to be near. He will begin to  
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one side of the slit and insert a scion formed like the last except making a small shoulder on the wedge to sit on the edge of the stump, bind as before and cover with wax. There being no cleft in the wood the water will do less harm.

6th. Split the stock and insert in the old way, and if convenient, have a bud on the upper part of the wedge to sit on the edge of the stump, bind as before and cover with wax. There being no cleft in the wood the water will do less harm.

Tallow 1 part, Beeswax 2 parts and Rosin 4 parts—Melt together, pour into water and pull it like wax or candy.

If mortar is used it should be worked over every day for a week before using, and would round with tow or old cotton rags—when applied.

No man need think of having a good orchard on cold wet soil, until he has drained and deepened the cultivation by deep, or subsoil ploughing, or on sandy land until he has made a large hole and filled it with gravelly loam or such top earth in the vicinity as is suited to the apple tree.

In transplanting trees of every kind some non-conductor of heat and moisture should be laid around them, as straw, shavings or tannery bark. Every thing should be removed in the fall which is likely to harbor mice.

When the trees are large enough to be uninjured by barking, sheep are decidedly the best animals to feed in an orchard. They keep the grass close as a lawn, and so clean that the work of picking apples is rendered very pleasant, compared with the presence of other animals.

The coming season will require more than ordinary pains to destroy caterpillars. There are millions of eggs on the small limbs, about the sixteenth of an inch long fastened by their appropriate covering. In the busy time of spring they may get the start of us, and they are not easily overtaken. They may be destroyed this month or the next so far as we can find them.—*Edw. S. Bates.*

We Yankees are prone to extremes. Since the great temperance reform, thousands of apple trees have been cut for fire-wood. This may all be well enough. If we would take proper care of the remainder, and make suitable provision for renewing our old orchards when the trees fall, which they will do very soon, from want of care and the very bad form of their tops.

Thus have I in some sort complied what may doubtless be found in detached pieces in the former numbers of your own paper.

Yours &c., JAMES BATES.  
Norridgewock, March, 1843.  
Maine Cultivator.

## MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, vicious, never, as a class, indolent. \* \* \* The new world of ideas; the new views of the relations of things; the astonishing secrets of the physical properties and mechanical powers disclosed to the well informed mind present attractions, which unless the character is deeply sunk, are sufficient to counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt pleasures.—*Everett.*

## Philosophy in Sport.

### CHAPTER V.

(Continued.)

Conjectures were vain, and the party determined to resolve itself into a committee of inquiry. Betty, the maid-servant, was despatched to the lodge; Miss Puttle volunteered a visit to Ralph Spindle, whom Dr. Dossell employed, on the arrival of a stranger, as certain insects are said to use their "feelers," to discover the approach of any prey that may be likely to serve them as food: Miss Margery Noddleton was of opinion, that a visit to the several trades-people in the village would be advisable; but Miss Ryland cut this matter short, by observing that, while Miss Madge went to the "Devil-and-the-Bag-of-Nails," for such was the sign of the village inn, she would proceed to Annette, the vicar's house-keeper, from whom she expected to elicit much valuable information. It was finally agreed, that each should pursue such measures as she might deem most likely to ensure success, and that the party should re-assemble in an hour. This plan was accordingly carried into effect, and with what success the reader must now be made acquainted.

The stranger was discovered to be a Major Snapwell, a rich and surly old bachelor, who had served in various campaigns in different parts of the globe, and received a competent number of wounds, in the defence of his king and country. His income was reported to be somewhere about three thousand a year, and that he had not any near relative to enjoy the reversion; for this nephew, when he intended as his heir, had perished about two years before by shipwreck. The circumstances that led to this disastrous event had so affected the veteran, as to have occasioned a very serious illness, and a consequent state of despondency, for which his physicians advised a constant change of scene; so that he had been rambling about the Continent, during the last year and a half, accompanied only by his faithful servant, Jacob Watson, who was as much attached to the major, as was ever a Newfoundland dog to his master.

Such was the information derived from Annette, the house-keeper; and no sooner had our heroes become acquainted with the particulars than they agreed, "one and all," that the major would form a most desirable addition to their snug junketings, and, in short, as Miss Puttle elegantly expressed it, that he was not a person to be "sneezed at." But how was a favourable introduction to this man of war to be accomplished? Various schemes were proposed, and as hastily abandoned, until Miss Ryland, with an air of inexpressible satisfaction declared that she at length "had an idea."

"I will introduce myself," said she, "as a friend of his late nephew, whose memory he so highly respects, that I am quite sure he will receive with cordiality any one who bears such a claim to his notice."

"And were you then actually acquainted with his nephew?" asked Miss Puttle: pray what was his name?"

"Henry Beauchamp," replied Miss Ryland: "and as to my acquaintance with him, I confess it might have been slight; I must, however, have seen him at the house of Mrs. Tenterhook, who was hand and glove with all the fashionables in London, although I certainly do not exactly recollect the name; but what signifies it?—he is dead, and the major cannot possibly discover what might have been the extent of our acquaintance."

With the determination, she waddled across the room, cackling like a hen who has just deposited her egg, and taking down the "Complete Letter-Writer," a work which she wisely consulted in all important cases of correspondence, she sat down, and having concluded a note in her very best style of penmanship, despatched it to the major's abode at Ivy Cottage, by her servant Betty.

"Well, Jacob," said the major, as his trusty but automatic valet was leisurely buttoning

on the long gaiters of his master, the morning after his arrival, "what do you hear about this village of Overton? Are there any considerable neighbours? I like the country; it is beautiful, Jacob, and the air appears mild: it promises to be the very place to kindle the sparks of my expiring constitution, and should you, at the same time, get your broken-winged bellows mended, my vital flame might, perhaps, burn a little brighter. But tell me, what do you hear of it, Jacob?"

"Why, and please you, major, I just now met an old crony of mine, Mrs. Annette Brown at the Devil and the Bag of Nails."

"And pray Jacob," exclaimed the major who taught you to speak thus irreverently of the village blacksmith?"

"The village blacksmith! Lord love you, it is the sign of the village alehouse."

"Then it is a plaguy odd one; but go on with your story."

"As I was saying, major, I met an old acquaintance who is house-keeper to Mr. Twardleton, a bachelor gentleman, and the vicar of the parish. She tells me her master is downright adored in the place: though he must needs be a queer mortal, for she says he is so fond of antics that he won't suffer a mop or broom in his house; lest, I suppose, it should spoil the hopping of the fleas, and put an end to the fly's rope-dance upon a cobweb."

"Jacob, Jacob, you are a wag, and had better go and offer your services to this merry person, although I fear your asthmatic pipes would prove but a sorry accompaniment to your grotesque dancing; but pshaw—fiddlesticks—stuff and nonsense—who ever heard of a vicar being fond of antics?—you are imposed upon, Jacob."

"I am sure that how Annette told me as much. Ay, and she said he had all sorts of curiosities in his parlour; such as grinning faces dogs with three heads, rusty swords, and I do not know what besides."

"I see it—see it all plainly," exclaimed the major; "and your story has so delighted me, that I could almost dance myself." This respectable clergyman, thought he, is, doubtless, an antiquary, a virtuoso,—what a delightful companion will he prove! and a bachelor like myself,—what *tele-a-tedes* do I anticipate!

"Jacob," exclaimed the major, "you should have said that the vicar was fond of, or to speak more correctly, devoted to *antiques*, not to *antics*. But tell me whether there are any other agreeable persons in this village?"

"There's the squire and his family," answered the valet.

"The name, the name, Jacob?"

"Squire Seymour, and please you, major."

"Seymour, Seymour," repeated the major; "I seem to know that name."

At this moment the servant-maid entered the room, and presented the major with the following note:—

"Miss Ryland presents her most respectful compliments to Major Snapwell, and takes the liberty to enquire whether he had not a nephew of the name of Mr. Henry Beauchamp; if so, Miss Ryland hopes the major will allow her the honour of an introduction into his military presence, for she had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and many have been the tears which have fallen to his memory."

"Poor Harry!" ejaculated the major, as the pathetic note fell from his hand; and then recovering himself, he asked Jacob whether he had heard of any lady in the village of the name of Ryland.

"Lord bless you, major, why she be an old maid; and Annette told me that she was up at the vicarage almost as soon as we came to the village, asking a thousand questions about you."

"No matter, no matter; if she knew poor Harry I must see her."

"But you won't be glad to hear her," replied Jacob, "for she has a rare tongue of her own. A man of the name of Hopkins told me at the 'Devil,' that Overton is famous for a nest of these old maids."

"Old maids!" exclaimed the major, with a shudder. The reader must be here informed, that the gallant officer, like many elderly bachelors, entertained a sort of constitutional antipathy to his neglected class of the tender sex; although, we must confess, that such a feeling is highly ungenerous in a set of men who contribute by their own selfish conduct to produce the very evil they so loudly deprecate; nor is the feeling to be readily expiated, unless we admit that communities, like individuals, hate and persecute those whom they have injured. The major, however, sat down and despatched the following answer:—

"Major Snapwell returns the compliments of Miss Ryland, and begs leave to observe that he is a man of no ceremony, and cannot endure it in his presence; if, therefore, Miss Ryland will, without any ceremony, honour him with a call, the major will be proud in receiving her at Ivy Cottage."

The reader will readily believe that Miss Kitty lost no time in availing herself of so courteous an invitation; she accordingly dressed her person in her best attire, and proceeded on the following morning, with her friend Miss Noddleton, to pay her respects to the revered uncle of 'poor Mr. Beauchamp.'

"The Major Snapwell, I presume," said Miss Kitty, as she glided into the presence of the gallant commander.

"The same, madam, at your service,—Jacob, place some chairs."

"The military," replied the visitor, "are, as we well know, ever at the service of the ladies; allow me to present to you my worthy and excellent friend and companion, Miss Margery Noddleton."

"I fear," exclaimed the major, "that the compliment you are so graciously inclined to bestow upon the military character, will scarcely apply to the humble member of this profession whom you so highly honour by your condescension."

"What a charming person! mentally ejaculated Miss Ryland."

"I am madam an old bachelor: 'an odd volume of a set of books,' as Franklin would say; or 'the odd half of a pair of scissors,' which, although it cannot cut any thing, may possibly serve to scrape a trencher."—But be seated, ladies; pray be seated. I am a man of no ceremony, and never suffer any in my presence."

"Not even the ceremony of matrimony," observed Miss Ryland, with a significant smile.

"True, madam, true. My business has been with matches of a very different description—quick matches, madam; quick matches, and balls have been my delight."

"Well, am I assured, most gallant major, that the military character is ardent and pre-

capitous; love at first sight," added she, with a deep sigh, "and short courtships have ever met with powerful advocates in your profession. I wonder not, therefore, at your partiality to balls, which as you justly remark, have lighted many a match; and such, according to my experience, have generally been quick matches."

"Why zounds! madam," ejaculated the major, as he started from his seat, "we are skirmishing in the dark,—you misunderstand me; I speak of the matches of war, not of love, and of the balls of cannon not of Almacks; although I am ready to admit that in one respect these different matches should agree—in not hanging fire, madam; and yet," added the major, lowering his voice, as if suddenly affected by some painful reflection, "my precepts and practice have strangely differed." Harry! Harry! could thy noble spirit be conscious of the remorse of thy broken-hearted uncle!—but, ladies, I entreat your pardon."

At this allusion to the memory of the nephew, Miss Kitty unfurled her white flag, and was preparing to display some other signals of distress; which the major no sooner perceived, than in a hurried manner he begged the ladies to abstain from any allusion to the agonising subject.

For reasons, which the reader will not have much difficulty in appreciating, the few words removed a load of anxiety from the breast of Miss Kitty. Her feelings might be compared to those of the mariner, whose ship suddenly veers round by a change of wind, at the very moment it approaches a rocky lee shore. The conversation immediately took a new direction; the ladies enumerated the several families in the neighbourhood; descanted upon the pride of the Seymours, the eccentricities of the vicar, the mysterious conduct of Mr. Richdale, the wonderful cures of Dr. Dossell, the curious inventions of Will Snaffle, the critical acumen of Jerry Styles; in short, the poor major was assailed by a battery more incessant in its operations than that which opened upon him at the siege of Badajoz; at length, however, the fire began to slacken, the assailants having discovered that the citadel was not to be taken by assault. Upon their departure, Jacob was angrily summoned into the major's presence, in order to receive the explosions of indignation with which his master was doubly charged;—and who upon such occasions, employed the faithful servant, as he had formerly used a target when he had no better object to fire at.

"May the old one fly away with thee, and toss thee in his bag of nails!" exclaimed the major; "all this comes of your chattering at the public-house. That woman's tongue runs as fast, and with as much clattering, as a dog with an empty canister at its tail; but take care that I am not exposed to a repetition of this annoyance. Should the spinsters honour me with another call, inform them that I am from home; or tie up the knocker, and tell them I am sick, dead, buried; say any thing, but for mercy's sake, spare me from such another visitation."

Laboring Classes in the United States.

We copy the following interesting extract from an Address delivered at the 15th anniversary of the American Institute, New York, October, 1842, by the Hon. H. G. O. Colby, of New Bedford, Mass.

The condition of the laboring classes in the United States, which we are next to consider, is universally admitted to be better than in any other country in the world. They are already in that position which the laborers of other countries are struggling to attain. The rate of wages is incomparably higher than in any other country—the means of comfort, not to say wealth, more easily accessible. Owing to their vast numbers, and to the possession of all political rights, their influence in the Government is controlling and resistless, and all legislation is shaped in premonition to their interests rather than those of any other class. Without having examined the laws of all the states, which would be an Herculean task, I dare to affirm, that not a statute can be found in force, in any one of the states, which establishes or recognises any inequality of right or privileges between them and other persons; or if such a statute can be found, it is their fault that it remains upon the statute book a single year. They have but to speak the word and it is done—to command, and it is repeated. Nay, the universal sentiment among American statesmen is that the legislation and policy of the government should be such as to lend aid and encouragement to the poorer classes, and have the rich to take care of themselves.—They have accordingly been extremely liberal in granting acts of incorporation, by which men of small means may combine and compete with the richest capitalists in any branch of industry. By the late Bankrupt law of the United States, in case of insolvency, the wages of the laborer, up to a certain amount are preferred and are to be paid—a wise and humane provision, which was borrowed from Massachusetts. With the laws of this state I profess to have some acquaintance, and in their general bearing and character I suppose them to be similar to those of other states. And I challenge any man to put his finger upon a statute there, that gives to the man of a million one jot or tittle more of right or privilege than to the laborer that ploughs his field, or the needy knife grinder, that spins his wheel at his door. What magic words were those which have been years upon the lips of statesmen, to which the people have responded, as deep calleth unto deep? Not the protection of American wealth, but the "protection of American industry."

And what are all the Societies and Institutes, that are established in almost every state, and sustained at great expense, but the voluntary efforts of the people, who can afford it, to stimulate American industry? This great and splendid Institution which I have the honor to address, is of itself a noble practical illustration of American policy. Here are the "merchant princes," the capitalists, giving the very "aristocrats" of New York, freely of their time, of their influence, of their wealth, not to obtain special privileges for themselves, but to stimulate and encourage art and industry and to spread, through the length and breadth of the Union, broadcast, those improvements in Agriculture and the arts, which skill, thus stimulated, has made. There is not a laboring man, in the most distant and sequestered nook of this far spreading country, who is not or may not be benefited by its patriotic efforts.

Yes, ye laborers, there is a land like yours. It is yours to possess, to enjoy. Here is a fair field for all to labor, in whatsoever vocation they please, and the rewards of diligence

are ample and secure. There is not an avenue to wealth or distinction which is closed—not a post unattainable. When I see an American youth, of whatever condition, not repining at the accident of a humble origin, not wasting his bright hours in idle regrets or envious murmurs, but fully awake to the felicities of his situation, girding up his loins to run the race set before him, I behold in him an image of that bold and manly spirit, whom one of our poets has painted, bearing a banner in his hand, upon which was blazoned that proud and aspiring motto, of his Empire State—so truly descriptive of her past history, so prophetic of her future destiny.

"The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device  
EXCLAMATION!

"Beware the pine-tree's withering branch;  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last, good-night,  
A voice replied far up the height,  
EXCLAMATION!

If I have succeeded in presenting a correct view of the condition of wealth and labor amongst us, it will not be a difficult task to point out their relations and duties. They follow inevitably as conclusions from the admitted premises.

In the first place there is not only no ground for any hostility or unkindness of feeling between the rich and the laboring classes, but the strongest reason, on the contrary, for mutual friendship and the most cordial union. It may well be questioned, whether they should ever be spoken of as *classes*, since the term presupposes a line of demarcation, which cannot here be drawn. Both are striving with the same earnestness for the same object—some portion of wealth—and both are interested in the protection of property.—Does any man believe that by destroying the rich, or diminishing the securities of property he can better his own condition or that of his children? Instead of this discordant outcry which sometimes salutes our ears—"down with the aristocracy,"—"the rich are leagued against the poor,"—"let us expend our sympathies upon the millions of other lands, who are groaning beneath the weight of an iron bondage—our indignation upon those who maintain it in its iron rigor. But let us rejoice that here we may all unite—and that the cause of industry is the cause of the whole people. This cry may do well enough in the kraals of Ireland and in the depths of Hungary; but it should have no place in the American vocabulary.

The fact cannot be disguised, however, that a feeling of prejudice and hostility does exist between the wealthy and the laboring classes, even in this country. It arises in part from the indulgence of envy against the successful—from that sourness of spirit which is engendered by misfortune, from not making the distinction between this and other countries, but it has been extended and aggravated chiefly by that worst pest of human society, the demagogue. Fully persuaded, in his own mind, of the truth of Hooker's celebrated remark that "he who goes about persuading men that they are not so well governed as they ought to be will never want adherents,"—his appeals, with practised skill, to these inflammable passions, and becomes for a time, the champion of popular rights,—the favorite of the multitude. He recounts the oppressions which the aristocrats have practised upon the poor in every age, and easily persuades them, that the rich men of this country, who rose to wealth but yesterday, and whose children will return to labor at his death, are their legitimate successors, and have their principles and feelings. Inequality of fortune is produced by ten thousand causes—over which man has no control; it has always existed and will always exist—until the laws of nature are changed:—"The poor we have always with us." And all that human Institutions can do for man is to give free play and ample encouragement to human industry, by protecting its acquisitions.

If the people of this country, who have been deluded and often betrayed by the charming catchwords, would look to the quarter whence it issues with their native keenness, they would estimate it at its true worth.—Does it come from the hard-working, the industrious, the thrifty sons of toil? Never! It issues from those patriotic spirits whose real grievance consists in this; that they cannot live without work quite so splendidly as men who do no work; who declaim in bar rooms upon equal rights when the only species of equality they desire is, that the loafers shall share the wages of the laborer. Let them put their hands and their heads to the same exacting labors—let them pursue the same career of tireless industry and rigid self-denial, day after day, and year after year, which they have when they traduce and villify, and if they then fail of success, and can point to any thing but inevitable misfortune as the cause of their failure—let them sound the trumpet and armed men will spring up from the earth to aid them. I know that misfortune and disappointment are the common lot of man,—that the language of Burns may be addressed to every child of mortality:

"For care and troubles set your thought,  
E'en when your end's attained;  
And a' your plans may come to naught,  
Where every nerve is strained."

but I know too that our holy religion teaches us not to vilify and envy those who have escaped them,—but to bear them with manly fortitude. If the condition of American laborers be such as I have represented, and they are acting nevertheless upon the belief that there must be perpetual hostilities between the rich and themselves they clearly fall within the category of what Sheridan declared to be the extreme of folly. One may run his head against a wall, by accident, but this is the building a wall for the express purpose of running one's head against it.

The people of this country will tolerate any honest use of riches. There is a deep feeling with the many, that a man may do as he pleases with his own, and they rarely speak of extravagance and ostentation in any other terms, than those of commiseration. But they will not tolerate, in foreigner or native, the lordly patronising and condescending airs of assumed superiority. They are fond of giving and receiving titles, but they will not endure haughty deportment. And this is the glaring fault in the manners of wealthy families. We have an aristocracy, indeed, but we have a clan amongst us who all the airs, and set up the pretensions of all the Howards, and who may be in fact as offensive and injurious as the haughtiest nobility that ever existed. I can conceive how an hereditary noble, who bears a name of historic renown,

whose halls are hoary with ancestral glories; who is "native and to the manor born," should inspire a feeling of loyalty and love among the tenantry of his estate, or even the inhabitants of a kingdom. And I can conceive as easily, how one, who has mingled with his fellows in the dusty conflicts and remorseless rivalries of business, and risen to affluence, should inspire, not disgust merely, but deep, relentless hate, when he assumes rank and state, and tells his old associates, by his deportment that he belongs to a higher order of beings. It is a common remark, that there is scarcely a family that can trace their lineage back for three generations, without running against a lapstone, or an anvil, or a work bench.

And let it not be imagined that this subject of manners is one of little importance, or the discussion of it unsuited to this most important occasion. A great political philosopher has remarked, that manners are more important in a Republic than laws: for they exert an hourly and all-pervading influence upon universal society. Insult is more keenly resented than injury. The pride of nobility is more difficult to tolerate than all the exclusive advantages which they possess. "Numerous and serious as the grievances of the French nation were," says the ablest of the royalist writers, "it was not they alone that occasioned the revolution. Neither the taxes, nor the letters de cachet, nor the vexations of the Prefects, nor the ruinous delays of justice, have irritated the nation; it is the *préjugé* of nobility which has excited all the ferment." It converted a nation of gentlemen and cavaliers into a nation of assassins, and her sunny fields into a vast acclama. The insolence of the privileged orders gave a character of ferocity to the prolonged and fearful conflict which ensued that has never been paralleled in the history of the world. And a far sighted philosopher, seeing the spirit which existed among the people might, years before, have uttered a startling prediction, which sprang from the lips of Anthony—

"This spirit, raging for revenge,  
With Atre, by its side, came hot from hell,  
Shall, in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry havoc—and let slip the dogs of war."

Much, very much, can be done to remedy this unhappy state of things by the laboring classes also; and had I the action and utterance words and worth, I would exhort them, for their own sakes, by the consideration of the immense benefits they will reap by uniting their energies and their numbers to those of capitalists, which more than doubles their poverty, to let nothing be wanting on their part to harmony of thought and action.—What might not be accomplished by a cordial union between them in enterprises of great pitch and moment? Those who profess to be their champions and friends are the assailants, and the rich are compelled to stand upon the defensive, and they cannot fail to look with an evil eye upon those who make them the objects of vindictive and incessant attack. Let them disdain the counsels of those false friends, until they can show some real grievance. Let them scout this misplaced clamor about the poor and the rich; it belongs not to our country. They are too ready to take offence; prone to construe mere inadvertence "the malady, if not marking," into premeditated insult. It is not wise to employ a microscope at our tables, to examine even the purest of elements; it is more foolish still to employ a mental microscope in our social intercourse. If they exact courtesy from others, they must be ready to repay it in kind. The law of true civility is a law of reciprocity. If, instead of spending so much time and energy in mutual quarrels, they would join heart and hand in all great and good undertakings, the one contributing means, the other the skill and labor, they would accomplish more for themselves and their country in one year than by fifty years of dissension. And this result can be effected by the observance of that simple precept, which, as a regulator of social intercourse, may well be denominated the golden rule,

Be to their faults a little blind,  
Be to their virtues very kind.

We should not forget that there are those who grace and gladden our festivities by their presence; who do not mingle with us, indeed, in the walks of business, but who exert a more potent influence upon the affairs of men than we are always willing to acknowledge; whose empire is absolute over the world of fashion; whose appearance in the midst of dissensions is like the radiant bow that spans the storm. If their smiles do sometimes kindle dissension, they oftener allay it, and I would invoke their gentle influence in the work of reforming the national manners. If they would bestow more of their kind regards upon those athletic and manly forms that make our hill sides and valleys laugh and ring with the wealth of golden harvests, and less upon those whiskered and bedizened apes that infest the drawing room, we should love them better, and our country would indeed regard them as her jewels.

There is one duty more, of the highest importance, to which, in conclusion, I invite your attention: the duty of holding in just esteem all the occupations in which men are engaged.

What honest vocation can be named that does not contribute, in a greater or less degree, to the enjoyment of man? It may be humble, indeed, but it goes to swell the mighty aggregate; it may be the rill that trickles from the mountain side, but it diffuses fertility through the valley, and mingles its drops at last with the ocean. The true American motto is and must be—marked upon our foreheads, written upon our door-posts—channeled in the earth, and wafted upon the waves—INDUSTRY—LABOR IS HONORABLE, and idleness is dishonorable,—and I care not if it be labor, whether it be of the head or the hands.

Away with the miserable jargon of the political economists, who write so complacently about the producing and non-producing classes. It has no foundation in nature or in experience. Whitney, whose cotton gin doubled the value of every acre of land in the South, raised more cotton with his head than any twenty men ever raised with their hands.

Let me exhort those of you who are devoted to intellectual pursuits, to cherish, on your part, an exalted and just idea of the dignity and value of manual labor, and to make that opinion known in your works and seen in the earnest of your actions. The laboring men of this country are vast in number and respectable in character. We owe to them, under Providence, the most gladsome spectacle the sun beholds in its course—a land of cultivated

and fertile fields, an ocean white with canvas. We owe to them the annual spectacle of golden harvests, which carry plenty and happiness alike to the palace and the cottage. We owe to them the fortresses that guard our coasts—the ships that have borne our flag to every clime and carried the thunder of our cannon triumphant over the waters of the deep.

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

We have received from a friend a copy of the communication from the Treasurer of State and bill reported thereon, which follows. We do not comprehend the justice of denouncing the law of 1832 as "partial and unjust," for, if each county in the State has not realized the benefit it was designed to confer, it proceeds wholly from the negligence of the complaining county, and neither the law nor the State government policy can be amenable for it. And again, we are as little able to comprehend the justice of the proposition in the subjoined Bill, to have the sums which several counties have neglected to entitle themselves to, paid over *en masse* to those counties at this day, under cover of aiding or equalizing the aid of the State to agriculture in the several counties, and yet leave the counties by a popular vote embracing every class of citizens to decide whether agriculture shall have the benefit of these funds, or whether the whole may not be devoted to other purposes. We hope such a truly "unjust" law may never disgrace our statute books, or if the Treasury of the State is to be plundered for purposes of general distribution, let it not be done in the name of agriculture. Out upon such mockery of help towards the farming interests. It is the low cunning of some low calculating politicians.

### COMMUNICATION.

TREASURY OFFICE.

Augusta, March 15, 1843.

To the President of the Senate:  
In compliance with the order of the Senate, directing the Treasurer to communicate "the amount of money paid from the Treasury of the State to the Agricultural and Horticultural Societies in the several counties under any law of this State," the following exhibit contains all the information found in the books of this office, viz:

1832.	Am't pd. Ken. Ag. Society,	\$200 00
	" W. Som. " "	70 00
	" Cum. Ag. and Hort. Soc.	100 00
	" Waldo Ag. Society,	329 33
		599 33
1833.	Am't pd. Ken. Ag. Society,	260 00
	" W. Som. " "	45 00
	" Cum. Ag. and Hort. Soc.	57 00
	" Waldo Ag. Society,	57 50
		460 50
1834.	Am't pd. E. Som. Ag. Society,	165 00
	" Cum. Ag. and Hort. Soc.,	139 50
	" Penobscot Ag. Society,	63 00
	" Kennebec, " "	257 00
		654 50
1835.	Am't pd. W. Som. Ag. Society,	66 00
	" East Somerset " "	100 00
	" Cum. Ag. Society,	57 00
	" Penobscot, " "	104 00
	" Kennebec " "	234 00
		561 00
1836.	Am't pd. Ken. Ag. Society,	275 00
	" W. Som. " "	275 00
1837.	Am't pd. E. Som. Ag. Society,	310 00
	" Cum. Ag. and Hort. Soc.,	92 00
	" Penobscot Ag. Society,	125 00
	" Kennebec, " "	287 00
		815 00
1838.	Am't pd. Cum. Ag. and Hort. Soc.,	166 00
	" E. Som. Ag. Society,	100 00
	" Central Somerset " "	100 00
	" Penobscot, " "	100 00
	" Kennebec, " "	285 00
		751 00
1839.	Am't pd. Kennebec Ag. Society,	290 00
	" Somerset " "	100 00
		390 00
1840.	Am't pd. E. Som. Ag. Society,	150 00
	" " " "	70 00
	" Kennebec " "	291 00
	" Penobscot " "	100 00
	" Cumberland " "	53 00
		664 00
1841.	Am't pd. Som. Central Ag. Society,	67 50
	" " " " "	150 00
	" Penobscot " "	85 00
	" " " "	150 00
	" Franklin " "	300 00
	" Kennebec Ag. Society,	150 00
	" Ken. Central Ag. Soc.,	150 00
	" Cumberland " "	64 00
		1,116 50
1842.	Am't pd. Som. Central Ag. Soc.,	73



[illegible]

aid societies to the treasurers of agricultural associations in each of the counties, and that the amount paid into the treasury of any county, if there be more than one society, shall be divided equally among the several societies; or the amount to be paid into the county treasuries of the several counties, shall be appropriated to the payment of the *county expenses*, according to the decision of a majority of the people of said counties.

**Resolved**, That it shall be the duty of the aldermen of the several cities, selectmen of the several towns, and assessors of the several organized plantations in the counties of York, Cumberland, Oxford, Lincoln, Waldo, Somerset, Franklin, Piscataquis, Penobscot, Hancock, Washington and Aroostook, to insert an article in their several warrants for calling their next annual meetings for the election of State officers, notifying the inhabitants qualified to vote at such elections, to give in their votes to said aldermen, selectmen or assessors, whether by ballot or printed on the words, "*agricultural societies*," and "*county expenses*," those voting the ballots with the words "*agricultural societies*," to be considered as voting in favor of paying the money into the treasury of the several agricultural and horticultural societies, and those voting the ballot with the words "*county expenses*," to be considered as voting in favor of appropriating the money aforesaid to the payment of the *county expenses*. And the votes shall be received, sorted, counted, recorded, declared, attested, sealed up, and returned to the office of the secretary of State, in the same manner as votes for senators, and the governor and council shall open and count the same, and it shall be the duty of the governor, after having ascertained the decision of a majority of the people of each county to declare the same to the people of this State, and to pay the money aforesaid, to be paid in the several counties in the manner that each county may direct by the votes as aforesaid.

**MERRY'S MUSEUM**.—Boston, Bradbury, Soden & Co., 10 School street; and 127 Nassau street New York. Of all the Juvenile works now published, Master Merry's is certainly the best. The March number before us is filled with rare stories and beautiful pictures well calculated to please and entertain its numerous readers. We perceive the publishers have made a decided improvement by adding eight pages, which is furnished in the shape of a Little Magazine under the title of "*Little Leaves for Little Readers*." Old "*Peter Parley*," the editor says:—

We propose hereafter to devote a portion of each number of our Magazine to the special benefit of our very young friends—the *A B C darians*—those who have just begun to read. We intend, in fact, to make a *little magazine on purpose* for them.

And now, at the very outset, we wish to make a *little note* in behalf of this state, and those who have just learned to spell *crucifix*, *amplification*, &c. It is as follows:—

The big Black-eyes and Blue-eyes have a right to read the older part of our magazine, first; after this the *A B C darians* must be permitted to read our *Little Leaves*. We find that there will be a squabble between the old aristocrats and the young democrats, if we do not settle this point beforehand. Now, having spoken our will, we trust we shall be obeyed.

If any trespass upon our law, here laid down, occurs, may little offend our law, it allows the rights—if his elder brother or sister ventures to peep into the story of *Limping Tom*, or *Inquisitive Jack*, before he has read it, we hope the case will be held before us, and we shall forthwith proceed to hear and adjudge the matter according to law and justice, and yet give no notice.

The little lad or lass who has heretofore been without Master Merry's rare budget of useful and entertaining matter will no longer be destitute of it. We learn that the circulation of the *Museum* is immense, and we see no reason why it should not be, inasmuch as the twelve monthly Nos. when bound at the end of the year will make a beautiful and splendid book, containing over one hundred finely executed engravings, and all for the low price of one dollar.

Parents who are in pursuit of suitable reading for their children will find it for their interest and for their children's good to subscribe for the *Museum*.

**SECRETARY OF WAR**.—James Madison Porter, of Philadelphia has been appointed by the President, Secretary of War, and entered upon the duties of his office. He is brother to the present Governor of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Spencer, appointed to the Navy Department, has also entered upon the duties of his new office.

Mr. Webster, it is said, will shortly retire from the State department, on the most friendly terms with the President.

**DR. CUTLER'S LECTURE**.—Those who would like to take a peep into themselves, had better attend the Doctor's Lecture this evening at the Universalist Chapel. You will learn more of the structure of your own darling body in one half hour by attending to his demonstrations, than you will by reading a month on the subject.

**ANOTHER CORNUCOPIAN RALLY** came off last week at Elder J. Prescott's of the Christian Band denomination, near Monmouth. It was a delightful day and evening, and the way that the friends of the worthy Elder emptied their horns of plenty both little and big, into his till then empty granary was a caution to *grumblers*. As usual we there met with the free and kind hearted of every denomination, all united as one brotherly band—no putting—nor any faces, nor test questions on this or that article of faith, but each striving to make all around him happy. The Ladies, who "never tire in works of benevolence, were as active and efficient as ever in the cause, and spared no personal efforts to put the *cabales* before us with a taste and *profusion* that would satisfy the veriest epicure in the world. We were, however, somewhat disappointed not to meet with more of our Monmouth friends there, and were for a time at quite a loss to account for the absence of individuals from that section, so well known for their activity in all benevolent projects, and so ready always to help in good cause, until we ascertained that there was misunderstanding in regard to the day agreed upon. We are sorry for this, for it would added highly to the gratification of those who were there, to have met that portion of our friends—mingled our free will offerings together and united our demonstrations of respect for the man, who, for a great number of years has faithfully administered the word to his flock, without other fee or reward than what the pleasure to give him from the spontaneous prompting of generosity or sense of duty.

We however assure them that we did not entirely fill the parsonage locker to overflowing. There left a snug corner empty for them, and they were able to be opportunely to fill it some day or other *only be careful and not put it off too long*.

A CARD.

The undersigned hereby tender their most sincere gratitude to their very kind friends, who, with the generous offerings made them a "*NOBLE "Donation card*," the 4th inst, at the house of Mr. Ransom Bishop—as also to others, who, tho' preclude

from being present on the occasion, by the impos-  
sible roads, nevertheless, fail not to send in their  
generous donations as soon as practicable. This  
*Christian visit*, from members of all the different  
denominations in town, and others claiming no par-  
ticular alliance to either of them, so unexpected,  
and undeserved, indeed, as the undesigned feel, by  
such a host of warm-hearted and generous friends,  
has not failed to make a very deep impression  
on their hearts, as also to be of very great pecuniary  
advantage to them.

The various articles (more than 50 different  
kinds) deposited on the occasion, every one of  
which, is of intrinsic value and utility, in the fam-  
ily—not excepting the axe-handle, especially if it  
had a worthy "mate," including those which have  
come and are coming in since, together with nearly  
forty dollars in money, amount in value to more than  
*one hundred and fifteen dollars!* If then "it is more  
blessed to give than to receive," the blessedness of  
those who participated in this generous donation,  
must be great in deed! Particularly do the un-  
der-signed feel their obligations to Mr. Ransom Bishop  
and his estimable lady, for their kindness in thro-  
wing open every part of their spacious house for the  
accommodation and that of their guests, and, for  
their unceasing pains in rendering every apartment,  
and every thing, inviting and agreeable.

"Now [may] he that ministreth seed to the sower,  
both minister bread for your food, and multiply your  
seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness-  
ness," is, and shall continue to be the ardent and  
unceasing prayer of the undersigned.

On behalf of the ourselves, and their family,  
EZEKIEL & SARAH ROBINSON.  
Winthrop, March 21st, 1843.

**The Earthquake in the West Indies.**—An arrival  
at New York, from St. Thomas, brings some further  
particulars of the earthquake. We extract the follow-  
ing from the N. Y. Journal of Commerce:—  
"Four thousand bodies had been dug out of the  
ruins of Point Petre by the sailors in the harbor, and  
taken out to the sea in boats, in order to prevent a  
pestilence.  
The survivors were reduced to such awful ex-  
tremities for food, that they rushed out to intercept  
cuttlefish and small fish, and bore away with them  
from the country. Among the killed is the  
American Consul. He was taken from under the  
ruins, with both legs broken, and put on board an  
American vessel in the harbor, but died the next day.  
In Antigua almost all the buildings were des-  
troyed, but no lives lost. In Nevis, the same result  
occurred as in Antigua. Whether Montserrat was  
entirely destroyed, and how many were saved, is un-  
certain. Nothing had been heard after the English  
steamer passed, at the time of the earthquake, and  
saw the whole island covered with smoke. In St.  
Thomas the shock did no mischief, beyond breaking  
crockery, glass, &c. Margueretta, it was known,  
had suffered severely in the destruction of build-  
ings, but the extent of the damage was not ascer-  
tained. The shock was felt as far north as latitude  
23°.

**LATE FROM PORT AU PRINCE.**  
The following intelligence we get from the Mer-  
chants' Exchange Books:—"By the brig Gallio  
we received this morning, and by the way, we re-  
ceive the following important intelligence. The Gallio  
left Port au Prince Feb. 16th. The affairs of the  
government were in a very unsettled state, and daily  
becoming more and more exciting, in consequence  
of which, business was almost entirely suspended.  
The Gallio arrived at this port this morning, and  
immediate war! Many individuals of wealth and  
influence were looked upon by the government with  
a jealous eye. Spies were constantly on the alert  
for the purpose of listening to any conversation or  
discussion that might be held in relation to the insur-  
rection, and order had been issued to arrest any one  
that might be thus found. Two or three were al-  
ready imprisoned upon suspicion of entertaining se-  
ditional feelings towards the government, and several  
others, gentlemen of high standing, were obliged to  
leave the country, and had not that opportunity  
to make their escape from the Island.

Most of the troops had been called from the north  
for the purpose, as was supposed of marching a-  
gainst Jeremie, which still remained in possession  
of the insurgents, who were said to number some  
thousand men, and were well armed, and were  
the defensive. The Government ship of war, with  
one or two small merchant vessels, had left with  
troops and provisions, probably for Jeremie, or some  
one of the adjacent ports. An embargo had been  
laid on all national vessels, including market and  
passenger vessels, and but the second day we re-  
ceived intelligence that no foreign vessels were al-  
lowed to sail, neither sunrise and sunset, and then subject to  
being searched.

**ABOLITION RACE!**—A disgraceful riot occurred at  
Northampton last week. The occasion was a lec-  
ture by Rev. Abel Brown and an African, once a  
slave, who accompanies him. The first evening  
the disturbance was small, but the second was ter-  
rific. After Mr. Brown had read a chapter in the  
Bible and offered up a prayer to the throne of  
grace, the negro commenced to speak. He com-  
plained of the disturbance the night before, whereat  
said the Democrat, "a villainous compound of rascals  
and fools, who have been drinking and carousing  
from the red hot stove in a fume of asafetida and  
pepper. At the same time, the eyes were inflamed  
(as if king alcohol had been burning them for ten  
years) by the finest particles of snuff and pepper  
wafted about the hall by letting fly a couple of doves  
with burning powder, but the second day we re-  
ceived intelligence that no foreign vessels were al-  
lowed to sail, neither sunrise and sunset, and then subject to  
being searched.

Each other. The windows were finally open-  
ed, and all breathed more freely, as the  
doves flew out—the children jumped out, and  
the lights were put out. The hall was cleared, and  
with much difficulty the Rev. Mr. Brown and the  
negro escaped with their lives, and then ended the  
disgraceful scene. The rioters, which we hope  
and trust will be the last.—*Hampden Post.*

**The Libel.**—We understand the indictment  
for libel brought in yesterday, by the Grand Jury,  
against a brother of the quill, THOMAS ADAMS, Esq.,  
Editor of the Temperance Gazette. N. J. Davis, Esq.,  
report, complainant. What the offence is, we are  
not informed.—*Portland Argus.*

**CONVICTION OF A HUSBAND FOR THE MURDER  
OF HIS WIFE.**—A trial for murder took place last  
week, in theoyer and terminer of Essex county,  
New York. The defendant was a man named  
James Bishop, who was charged with killing his  
wife under circumstances of great aggravation.  
The evidence to establish his guilt was clear and  
convincing, and the jury, after about twenty min-  
utes deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty. The fol-  
lowing are part of the remarks of Judge Wilard, in  
passing the extreme sentence of the law on the  
wretched criminal:—  
"James Bishop!—The circumstances which you  
were proved against you on your trial, present a case of  
aggravated enormity. The deceased was your wife  
—a feeble and unresisting woman, who, notwith-  
standing your abuse to her, was attached to you, and  
she was entitled to your protection. You, however,  
always treated her with mildness and respect, and  
never gave her any provocation for the repeated  
acts of cruelty which you practised upon her. The  
testimony shows that you had been in the habit, for  
a long time, of beating her in a barbarous manner;  
that on the night of the 12th of November last, you  
came home and found her in bed with your child;  
—that you then, without cause or provocation, and  
—that you then, without cause or provocation, and  
of violence upon her, inflicting from seventy-five  
a hundred bruises upon her person, one of which  
blew upon her head with a club, occasioned her  
death. You have had a fair and impartial trial,  
a jury of your own selecting—you have been at

defined by learned and ingenious counsel, who urged in extenuation of the act by every consideration which could be suggested. But it has been unavailing to you—all who heard the trial must agree with the jury that you are guilty of murder of your wife.

Now listen to the sentence of the law, which is, that you, James Bishop, be taken from the bar to the jail of this county, and be there kept in safe custody until Friday, the 17th day of March next, and that on that day, between the rising and setting of the sun; you be taken to the place of execution, provided by law, and be then and there hanged by the neck until you be dead, and may God Almighty have mercy on your soul."

The prisoner clasped his hands and responded—"God Almighty have mercy on my soul!"

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### EFFECTS OF THE STORM—LOSS OF LIVES.

The storm of Thursday, was, as we had much reason to fear, disastrous by land and sea. It extended very widely. We notice accounts of it as far south as Philadelphia. In Boston, but trifling damage was suffered. In New York it was very severe; much snow fell. A small house on Washington street, occupied by an Irishman, George Walker, his wife and three children, was crushed by the falling of the gable end of the house adjoining, which had been partially pulled down, but the children escaped. The violence of the storm then raging, Mrs. W. was crushed to death, and one of the children had both legs broken.

But the heaviest news is that of the loss of the scho. Thomas, Sproule, of Belfast in this State. She was laden with wood, and went ashore during the tremendous gale, on Lynn Beach on Friday morning, about 4 o'clock, (within a mile of Lynn report.) When first discovered, about 7 o'clock (the vessel was seen) she was seen early in the morning, the people went to the beach to render assistance. She lay within gun shot of the shore, and the people on shore endeavored by signs, &c. to give the crew to understand that they wished them to remain on board, until assistance could be sent them. The wind was so violent, and the waves broke over the scho. so furiously, that they could not be seen on shore. About 7 1/2 o'clock, the crew and passengers, (7 in number,) all left the vessel in their own boat, which almost immediately swamped, and they were all thrown into the water. Five of them were drowned, and two were saved by some people on the shore, who waded into the surf, and took them from the water, in such an exhausted state that it was some time before they could give an account of themselves. When they had partially recovered, the particulars were ascertained. The persons saved, are Capt. Sproule, and a young man named Rufus Chapman—those who perished are William Russell, Wilford Chapman, Robert Harvey, Daniel Wheeler, and Henry Ford, (boy.) Had they remained on board, a few minutes longer, they would all have been saved, as the Life Boat was so heavy, it was scarcely needed.

At 9 o'clock, the beach was thronged with hundreds of spectators; the vessel was going to pieces, the bodies of those drowned had not been recovered.

The Great Western went to sea, from New York with about thirty passengers, on Thursday afternoon, and some fears are entertained for her safety. Several vessels were injured in New York harbor—and some went ashore in the vicinity. But no exact returns have been noticed.

The steamer Narragansett on Thursday broke her steam-pipe when about two hours out of New York, and was obliged to return. The Mohagauk took the passengers and mails and brought them to Stonington.

The tide at Wiscasset rose higher on Friday than ever known in that place before. No damage done by the storm in that vicinity, as far as ascertained.

Dryden, N. H. The S. S. steamer Somerset, which sailed from Portsmouth, N. H., on Thursday morning, for New York, was overtaken by the storm on Thursday night. On Friday morning she was dismasted in the gale, near Rye Beach. She lost her anchors and was riding safely at 4 P. M. The S. is a new vessel, built at Portsmouth, and was intended for one of the African Squadron.—*Eastern Register.*

*Daniel H. Lombard*, the teacher at Chelsea, who lost his life by falling through the ice, near Boston last week, was formerly a resident of Readfield, in this State.

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### New Hampshire Election.

We have returns from 108 towns, in which the result is as follows: Hubbard, 19,765; Colby, 11,219; White, 4,877; a others, 25,79. Majority for Hubbard over all his opponents, 680. Nearly all the towns to be heard from are democratic.

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### A Village Destroyed by Fire.

The Charleston (Va) Republic of the 4th inst.—The steamer of Messrs. Lawrence arrived here on Thursday night, passed the village of Manchester, Ohio, at 3 o'clock. At 3 A. M. on Wednesday, the 2d inst. The village was then on fire—some 12 or 14 buildings on the street fronting the river burning, which no doubt were entirely consumed.

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### The property of the Brunswick Manufacturing Company, including the mills, water power, and dwellings, &c., which originally cost \$190,000, was sold at auction in Boston on Wednesday, by Whitwell, Seaver & Co, for \$33,400.

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### Funerals.

In Livermore, by Eld. Morrill, Mr. Alden Norton of L. to Miss Sarah N. Gaslin, of Readfield.

In Readfield, by Wm. C. Fuller, Esq. Mr. J. E. VARNY, of Augusta, to Miss ELIZA ANN CROSBY, of Readfield—also Mr. LEWIS MOWD, of Pitton, to Miss MARY E. CROSBY, of R.—And that others might participate in their joy they remembered the poor in the way of a slice of the wedding cake. He would, however, have been disappointed in their everlasting prosperity—that their loves and their fishes might always be in rich abundance, and their children never want bread or friends to share it with.

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### Deaths.

In this town, on Wednesday last, of Consumption, Mr. John Ladd, aged 58. A child of Mr. John Morrill 2d, aged 6 months.

On board U. S. sloop-of-war Boston, Oct. 27th John Osborn, the 1st Mate, Capt. of Forecastle, aged 47, and was buried at Anjier the same day.

Lost overboard from brig Margaret, at Boston from New Orleans, in coming down the Mississippi John A. Reid, seaman of Bristol, Me.

In Wells, 13th inst. Matthew Lindsey, Esq., aged 69.—Mr. L had kept a Public House in that place forty-three years, and was Postmaster thirty-eight years previous to January last, when he resigned on account of his health.

In Belfast, 13th inst. Bohan P. Field, Esq., aged 68, one of the oldest members of the Waldo Bar.

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### BRIGHTON MARKET.

—Monday, March 18, 1843. [Reported for the Boston Daily Advertiser.]

Patriot.

At Market 475 Beef Cattle, 600 Sheep, and 200 Swine. 120 Beef Cattle and 200 Sheep unaltd.

Purses—Beef Cattle—We quote to correspond with the market Extra at 48 3/4. First quality, 4 50 a 4 75 second quality 3 4 a 4 25; third quality, 3 50 a 3 75.

Sheep—We noticed lots sold from 1 50 to 4 75.

Swine—Sales were made of lots to peddle a 1 2 a 3 3 1/4 for Sows, and 1 2 a 4 3 1/4 for Barrows. At retail from 4 to 5 1 2c.

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### NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Comfort M. Ladd, late of Winthrop, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, to wit, and has undertaken that task by giving bond to the law directors. All persons, therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted said Estate are requested to come forward immediately to settle.

SAM'L P. BENSON

Winthrop, Feb. 27, 1843.

[L. S.] KENNEDY, JR., TO CYRUS BISHOP,  
Consistent of Winthrop. Greeting.

In the name of the State of Maine you are hereby required to notify the inhabitants of the town of Winthrop, qualified by law to vote for town officers and for town affairs, to meet and assemble at the Town House, in said town, on Monday the third day of April next at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to act on the following articles, viz:—

ART. 1. To choose a Moderator to govern said meeting.

ART. 2. To choose all such officers as towns are by law required to choose in the months of March or April annual.

ART. 3. To see if the town will allow any School District or Districts to choose their own agents.

ART. 4. To grant a sum of money for the support of School in said town for the year ensuing.

ART. 5. To see if the town will vote for the support of the poor, and to defray other necessary town charges for the year ensuing.

ART. 6. To grant a sum of money for the repair of highways for the year ensuing; and to agree on the price of labor on the highways.

ART. 7. To see if the town will consent of Samuel Richards, James Brainerd, Oren Brainerd, Isaac Brainerd, Jonas Parkard, Richard Hilton, or any of them with their polls and estates from school District No. 8, and annex the same to school District No. 3.

ART. 8. To see if the town will unite Amos King, Silvester King, Charles Foss, and Tristram Prescott with their polls and estates to school District No. 5, in said Winthrop, or act any thing thereon.

ART. 9. To see if the town will set off Isaac Dexter, Nathaniel Dexter, Sumner Dexter, and Ezer Dexter with their polls and estates into a separate school District and allow them to expend their school money in the adjoining District in Wayne or act any thing thereon.

ART. 10. To see if the town measures the town will take to keep their roads open the ensuing winter or act any thing thereon.

ART. 11. To hear reports of Committees, and to act thereon.

ART. 12. To choose Committees and instruct them.

ART. 13. To allow accounts against the town.

ART. 14. To see if the town will convey to Joseph Hammond a part of the town House lot or act any thing thereon.

ART. 15. To see if the town will instruct their Assessors to pay Samuel M. Woodman's tax for 1844 and a part thereof.

You will also give notice that the Selectmen will be in session one hour next proceeding the time for holding said meeting to receive evidence of the qualifications of voters whose names are not borne upon the list and, and of this warrant make due return to us, or either of us at or before the time for holding said meeting with your doings hereon.

Given under our hands and seals this eighteenth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty three.

JOHN FAIRBANKS, } Selectmen of  
THOMAS C. WOOD, } Winthrop.  
A true copy. Attest.  
CYRUS BISHOP, Constable of Winthrop.

**Taxes.**

Necessity compels the subscriber to call upon on and all, who are indebted to him for taxes to make payment on or before the annual town meeting with out fail.

CYRUS BISHOP, Collector.

**Grass Seed and Beans, Wanted**

500 bushels Herds Grass Seed, 2500 lb. Clover Seed and 300 bushels Pea beans wanted, for which the cash will be paid at the Corner Store of Market Square, Augusta, by H. WATERS. Augusta, March 15, 1843. 4w12

**A First Rate Farm for Sale.**

THE subscriber, being in feeble health, offers for sale the farm on which he lives, situate about a quarter of a mile from Vintland Village, formerly known as the Dr. SAGGEL farm. It is one of the pleasant farms in the county, and upon it two large dwelling houses, three barns, and suitable out buildings, all in good repair. It is well watered with never failings wells and springs—has an orchard of about seven hundred bearing apples, most of which are grafted with the best of fruit and which afford an annual average of one thousand bushels of marketable apples. More than three hundred dollars worth of hay been sold annually from the farm. It is well fenced into suitable lots of good substantial stone wall. It is well divided into woodland—grazing and tilage land—cat the last year twenty tons of hay and might be easily made to carry more than a hundred tons per annum.

It can be suitably divided into two farms, and the buildings will well accommodate each division.

—A L S O:—

A Tract of Meadow and Woodland on Wilson Street in Monmouth, which forms a good appendage to the farm.

The whole or a part will be sold to accommodate the undersigned Agents, who purchase the medicine will be wanted down and the remainder may rest a reasonable time, if secured by mortgage on the premises. Any one wanting a pleasant and profitable farm, in a neighborhood of good society, and near to schools, churches, and other social conveniences, cannot do better than to call and examine.

JOHN LADD.  
Winthrop, Feb. 20, 1843.

Confidence Inspires Confidence.

**NEW AND POSITIVE CURE FOR THE  
SALT RHEUM,**  
AND OTHER CUTANEOUS DISORDERS.

JONES'S DROPS OF RHEUMISMS, a safe and infallible remedy for SCROFULA and diseases of the skin, such as SALT RHEUM, LEPROSY, SCALD HEAD, ERYSIPELAS, and all kindred diseases, is terminal and internal.

Those afflicted with it would best to examine the ample testimonials of physicians and others, in the hands of the undersigned Agents, who purchase the medicine will be found, and where persons can be referred to who have experienced its happy effects in this State.

It seldom, if ever, having failed to perform a most satisfactory cure of the various loathsome diseases for which it is designed, where the directions accompanying each bottle have been faithfully followed.

Do not fail or delay in calling, seeing, reading, and inquiring for yourselves. You will be induced to do it, and thereby find the same wonderful effects as in all mitudes of others have.

AGENTS.

G. W. Washburn, China; A. H. Abbott & Co. South China; ——— Taber, East Vassalborough; Thomas, Esq. Vassalborough; F. P. Perkins, Sheghegan; A. S. Morrill, Milford; J. C. Rogers & Emerson, Mercer; A. W. F. Belcher, Farmington; Franklin Smith, Anson; J. H. Sawyer, Newridgewood; T. Chalmers, Albion; H. Whitcomb and John L. Seavey, Unity; Horace Waters and E. Smith, Augusta; Samuel Adams, Hallowell; R. M. Smith, Gardiner; J. W. Wetony, Richmond; S. Gardner, Bowdoinham; Edward Mead and Co., and Sanborn and Carter, Portland; W. Baker, Brunswick; N. Perkins and Co., Topsham; N. Harris, Greene; Reynolds & Co., Lewistown; F. Allen, Waterville. 6mcop47

**Administrator's Sale.**

PURSUANT to a license from the Hon. William Emmons, Judge of Probate for the County of Kennebec, will be sold at Public auction, on Thursday the twelfth day of April next, at 9 o'clock A. M. at the dwelling house of Harvey J. Pettengill deceased in Winthrop, all the right title and interest that said Pettengill had to any and all real estate in said Winthrop, being the equity of redemption of the farm which he lived at the time of his decease, including the reversion of the widow's dower in the same. The embrace on said farm and terms of sale made known at the time and place of sale.

ZELOATES A. MARROW, Administrator.  
Monmouth, March 4, 1843.

**Fruit! Fruit!**

TWENTY ONE BASKETS OF ORANGE and Lemons, and Thirteen Baskets of Figs, just received from Boston and for sale at the Corner Store on Market Square, Augusta, Feb. 15, 1842. H. WATERS

**FAIRBANKS & EVELETH,**  
DEALERS IN  
**Hard Ware, Iron and Steel.**  
ALSO,  
**STOVES, FIRE FRAMES, HOLLOW WARE,  
SHEET LEAD, SHEET ZINC,  
FEATHERS, &c., &c.**  
Three doors South of Post Office, Water Street, AUGUSTA.  
H. W. FAIRBANKS,  
J. H. EVELETH.

**Ornamental Ever-Green Trees.**  
THE subscriber will con-  
tract to deliver any num-  
ber of magnificent and thrifty or-  
namental ever-green trees, of  
the White and Norway Pine, Spruce, Hemlock  
and Ground Hemlock, Larch or Juniper species, from one  
to three feet in height, at Boston, New York, Phila-  
delphia or Baltimore, safely packed and in good condi-  
tion in crates, at the cheapest rates.—Say from three  
to eight dollars per hundred.  
Persons, or companies desirous of ordering either  
kind, will receive prompt and satisfactory attention on  
addressing the subscriber, post paid, and remitting cash  
or satisfactory references of payment on delivery of  
the trees desired. For his ability to fulfill any engage-  
ment he may undertake, he is permitted to refer to  
Hon. F. O. J. SMITH, of this city.  
DAVID STEVENS, Jr.  
Portland, Maine, Feb. 1843. 6w9

**A. B. LINCOLN & CO.**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**BARNABY & MOORE'S**  
**Patent Double Mould-Board, Side**  
**Bill and**  
**Level Land Plough.**  
AND DEALERS IN  
Hardware and Cutlery; Iron, Steel and Glass; Shoe  
Lead and Lead Pipe; Cut and Wrought Nails,  
Horse Nails, Tacks and Brads; Japanned  
and Brass Topped Dogs; Brass Fire  
Sets, Whips, Brushes, Glue,  
&c. &c.  
One Door North of the Post Office, AUGUSTA, Maine.

**A. B. LINCOLN,  
HIRAM S. PENDLETON.**

**Iron & Steel.**  
A large quantity of Iron and Steel, of various sizes  
and dimensions. Also Nails, all sizes from 3d to  
6d. For sale by **STANLEY & CLARK.**  
Feb. 8, 1843. 6

**W. I. GOODS,**  
**Stanley & Clark** have for sale at the  
brick Store in Winthrop,—Common and extra  
shoing tins from 50 to 67 1-2 cents per lb. Young  
son do from 50 to 67 1-2 cents.  
SUGARS.  
Brown, White, Double Refined & Havana, common  
and Double Refined do. Cask and Box raisins, all  
species of all kinds.  
**Fish.**—Cod, Pollock, Mackerell No. 1  
Tongues and Sounds, &c. cheap for cash.  
MOLASSES.  
It is only to be seen to be approved.  
Feb. 8, 1843. 6

**Doct. Gordak's**  
Jelly of Pomegranate and Pils, Pulmonary  
Jelly, Peruvian Liment, Opalider, Columbian  
Pia Drops, Physical Drops, Juland Balsam, Restora-  
tive and Grand Restorative.  
For sale by **SAM'L ADAMS, Hallowell, Me.**  
51

**Good and Cheap Bargains.**  
THE Subscribers having a large and general as-  
ortment of **BROADCLOTHS, SATINETTS** at  
Beaver Cloths, Prints, Moss de Lains, Saxony Cloth,  
Adrianople, Thibet, Silk and Gingham Shawls, Flan-  
nels, Red, White, Green and Yellow do. Rolyan  
Carolina Plaid, Ribbons, Edgings, Insertions, White  
and Brown Cambrics, Sheetings and Shirtings,  
Ginghams, Silk and Cotton Velvet, Velveteen, Figur-  
ed plain Unbleached, Looking Glasses, Paper hang-  
ings &c. will sell the above with a variety of  
**DRY GOODS,**  
too numerous to mention—for the sake of the cash  
at lower prices than we have heretofore offered.  
**STANLEY & CLARK.**  
Winthrop, Feb. 8, 1843. 6

**BARNABY & MOORE'S**  
**PLOUGH,**  
To which was awarded the first Premium (a silver  
cup,) of the American Institute, at its Ploughing Match  
at Newark, N. J. in October, 1840; an Honorary Pri-  
mium of \$200 by the New York State Agricultural So-  
ciety, at its annual Fair at Syracuse, in September,  
1841; and the first Premium of the American Insti-  
tute, (a Gold Medal) at the Ploughing Match at Sil-  
ling, in October, 1841.  
**Keep it before the Public,**  
That the subscribers have purchased the **Patent**  
**Right** of the above CELEBRATED PLOUGH for the  
Counties of KENNEBEC, SOMERSET and FRAN-  
LIN, and have commenced manufacturing them in the  
most perfect manner, and from the best materials,  
and intends to keep a constant supply on hand.  
By the above operation we shall be enabled to furnish  
the **Farmer** with the only Plough in existence that  
it will do all kinds of work.  
This Plough in working on level, sward land, w  
up or match in the most perfect manner. It may  
be used as the common Plough, by laying out the field  
lands, or it may be used right and left, turning the fi  
row all one way, and avoid all dead furrows in t  
It is the most perfect **Side Hill Plough** in use  
as the laborious task of shifting the Mould Board  
as the common Plough, is avoided, the action of the  
with the touch of a ploughman's foot, shifts the ba  
end of the beam from handle to handle, which fits t  
Plough for either a right or left hand furrow. It f  
forms a double Mould board Plough by shifting t  
back end of the beam in the center of the cross pie  
between the handles. All kinds of work requiring  
double Mould Board Plough can be done, such as op  
drains, flue-irriging, ploughing between row  
ed crops, &c. &c. and last though not least, t  
Plough is of easier draught than any plough in ex  
ence,—performing an equal amount of work with fr  
20 to 50 per cent. less power, than the common le  
land Plough. Those in want of a good Plough, a  
vised to give the one mentioned above, a trial—ev  
part of which is warranted.  
A. B. LINCOLN & Co.  
Augusta, February 16, 1843.  
At the **HARD WARE STORE, one door No**  
of the Post Office.

**Notice.**  
IN consideration of my good will to my son Rod-  
P. J. Adams, I hereby relinquish to him his sh  
from this date to receive his wages and to transac  
siness for himself as though he were twenty one ye  
of age, and I will pay no debts of his contracting a  
this date.  
NATHANIEL ADAMS  
WM. HASKELL, witness.  
Greene, N. A. 1843. 10

**Spring Fashions!**  
**MRS. HAIN & SISTER,** have on hand and  
sale at their House, a handsome assortment  
Straw and Florence Bunnets, which they will sell  
the most reasonable terms, consisting in part of  
Donabelle, Leghorn, Diamond, Snakekin and v  
bonnets, &c. &c.  
They will also repair Bonnets of all kinds cheap  
Winthrop, March, 12, 1843.

**Rhuchan's**  
**HUNGARIAN BALSAM** of Life, for sale  
wholesale and retail by  
51 **SAM'L ADAMS,** *my* **Hallowell Me.**

**Furs.**  
Buffalo Robes, a few only at good bargains. **Gmet & Cony Skins, at**  
**STANLEY & CLARKS.**  
Feb. 8, 1843. 6

**TO FAMILIES & INVALIDS.**

The following indispensable family remedy may be found at the village drug stores, and soon at every country store in the state. Remember and never get them unless they have the fac-simile signature of

*Comstock & Co.* on the wrappers, as all others by the same names are base impositions and counterfeits. If the merchant nearest you has them up, urge him to procure them at 71 Maidenlane, the next time he visits New York, or to write for them. No family should be a week without these remedies.

**BALDNESS**  
**BALM OF COLUMBIA, FOR THE HAIR,** which will stop it if falling out, or restore it on bald places; and on children make it grow rapidly, or on those who have lost the hair from any cause.  
ALL VERMIN that infest the heads of children in schools, are prevented or killed by it at once.--  
Find the name of *Comstock & Co.* on it, or never try it. Remember this always.

**RHEUMATISM, and SAMENESS**  
positively cured, and all shrivelled muscles and limbs restored, in the old or young, by the **INDIAN VEGETABLE ELIXIR** and **NATIVE BANA LINIMENT**--but never without the name of **Comstock & Co.** on it.

**PILES &**  
are wholly prevented, or governed if the attack has come on, if you use the **only true HAYS' LINIMENT** from **Comstock & Co.** **ALL SORES** and every thing relieved by it that admits of an outward application. It acts like a charm. Use it.

**HORSES** that have Ring-Bone, Spavin, Wind-Galls, &c., are cured by **ROOF'S SPECIFIC**; and **Foundered** horses entirely cured by **ROOF'S Founder Ointment**. Mark this, all horsemen.

**Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor Salve.**--The most extraordinary remedy ever invented for all new or old

**BURNS & SCALDS**  
and sores, and sore **EYES**. It has delighted thousands. It will take out all pain in ten minutes, and no failure. It will cure the **BLEBS**

**LIN'S SPREAD PLASTERS.**  
A better and more nice and useful article never was made. All should wear them regularly.

**LIN'S TEMPERANCE BITTERS;**  
on the principle of substituting the tonic in place of the stimulant principle, which has reformed so many drunkards. To be used with

LIN'S **BLOOD PILLS**, superior to all others for cleansing the system and the humors affecting the blood, and for all irregularities of the bowels, and the general health  
[See Dr. Lin's signature, thus:]  
**Actor "O Esin"**

**HEADACHE**  
**DR. SPOHN'S HEADACHE REMEDY.**  
will effectually cure neck headache, either from the **NERVES** or bilious. Hundreds of families are using it with great joy.

**DR. SPOHN'S ELIXIR OF HEALTH,**  
for the certain prevention of **FEVERS** or any general sickness; keeping the stomach in most perfect order, the bowels regular, and a determination to the surface. **GOLDS COUGHS**  
pains in the bones, hoarseness, and **DROPSY** are quickly cured by it. Know this by trying.

**CORNS.**--The French Plaster is a sure cure.

  
hair any shade you wish, but will not color the skin.

**SARSAPARILLA, COMSTOCK'S COMPOUND EXTRACT.** There is no other preparation of Sarsaparilla that can exceed or equal this. If you are sure to get **COMSTOCK'S**, you will find superior to all others. It does not require puffing.

**DR. LIN'S CELESTIAL BALM**  
OF CHINA. A positive cure for the piles, and all external ailings--all internal irritations brought to the surface by friction with this Balm--no in coughs, swelled or sore throat, tightness of the chest, this Balm applied on a flannel will relieve and cure at once. Fresh wounds or old sores are rapidly cured by it

**Dr. Bartholomew's EXPECTORANT**  
will prevent or cure all incipient consumptions, **COUGHS & COLDS**  
taken in time, and is a delightful remedy. Remember the name, and get **Comstock's**.

**KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE** will eradicate all **WORMS** in children or adults with a certainty quite astonishing. It is the same as that made by **Comstock & Co.** and sells with a rapidity almost incredible, by **Comstock & Co.**, New York.

**TOOTH DROPS.** **KLINE'S**--cure effectually.

*Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1842, by Comstock & Co., in the Clerk's office of the Southern District of New York.*  
By applying to our agents in each town and village, papers may be had free, showing the most respectable names in the country for these facts, so that no one can fail to believe them.  
(By) Be sure you call for our articles, and not be put off with any stories, that others are as good. **HAVE THESE OR NONE**, should be your motto--and these never can be true and genuine without our names to them. All these articles to be had wholesale and retail only of us.

*Comstock & Co.* Wholesale Druggists,  
71 Maiden Lane, New York, and of our agents,  
**SAM'L ADAMS, Hallowell.**  
**J. E. LADD, Augusta.**



## POETRY.

### HOW TO PLANT AND COOK POTATOES.

Choose a sunny soil that is sandy.  
Throw manure broadcast and thick—  
Stercorosis should be handy,  
That the work may go on quick.  
It is best to plough in winter—  
Deep ploughing is the only thing,  
Use your labor without stint, or  
'Twill be double in the Spring.  
When you find the ground is drying  
Let the kidneys be freed  
From the hole where they've been lying,  
And select the best for seed.  
Then in April, start to plant  
From the large potato heap;  
Let no little hands be wanting,  
They're good as men, and twice as cheap.  
Do not cut the root to pieces,  
Nor let it into plaster roll—  
A kidney usually increases,  
Two fold, if you plant it whole.  
Hills are best, for you can tend them  
All around with plough or hoe—  
Not too close or you will rend them,  
And the offsets will not grow.  
Keep down weeds and dress the hills up,  
Let them have both rain and sun—  
Then the plant grows well and fills up,  
And your summer work is done.  
Now before the ground is frozen,  
Look out for a sloping spot,  
Which, if dry, and rightly chosen,  
Keeps the roots from growth and rot.  
Six feet deep, the French have found out,  
Roots will never germinate;  
So, take the hint and dig the ground out,  
When you want your planting late.  
Having told you how to plant them,  
Also how to lay them by,  
Now for cooking, when you want them  
For the table in July.  
On the day you want to use them,  
Take the kidneys from the ground,  
Of a size, 'tis best to choose them,  
Throwing out what are unsound.  
Wash them clean and scrape the skin off,  
One water never is enough;  
Take the eyes and rubs thin off,  
And every little speck that's rough.  
Do not let them lie in water,  
(So the nice observers say)—  
Not a minute—not a quarter,  
That will take their taste away.  
When the fire is burning brightly,  
And the water's boiling hot,  
Sprinkle table-salt in lightly,  
Then put the kidneys in the pot.  
Eighteen minutes—sometimes twenty,  
Cooks them nicely to a turn;  
Some say more, but that is plenty,  
Every one must live and learn.  
Pour the water off, and set them  
On hot coals that may not taste;  
But, mercy on me! do not let them  
Burn, or into pieces fly.  
Some prefer them whole at table,  
Others mash them in the pot,  
With butter! that is execrable,  
And truly, you had better not.  
How scandalous it is to bake them,  
How barbarous to fry them brown,  
How vandal-like in bulls to make them,  
And with the hand to pat them down,  
The only way if you will mash them,  
Is with milk, that's new and sweet—  
Then with a ladle quick-slash them,  
If you want them fit to eat.  
After mashing, do not smear them  
On the top and all around,  
For in that way but few can bear them,  
Let the mass be one rough mound.  
One thing more—don't cook too many,  
Just bail enough for each to taste;  
Remember two will cost a penny—  
Better it is to want than waste.  
When potatoes roll in plenty,  
And hard times pierce the poor distress,  
Knowing that their food is scanty,  
Give them now and then a mess.  
*Southern Literary Messenger.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Conrade and Theresa.

Translated from the French of the Chevalier de St. Florian.

In a village of the Margravate of Barith, in the circle of Franconia, lived a peasant whose name was Conrade. He rented the best farm in the country; but that was the last part of his wealth. Three girls and three boys, which his wife Theresa had brought him, were already married. They had children, and were all of them his inmates. Theresa was seventy-eight years of age; he himself was eighty. They were loved and revered by their numerous descendants, whose greatest pleasure was to render their dear venerable parents cheerful and happy. Temperance and labor had prevented the infirmities of old age; serene and pleasant were their declining years. Uninterruptedly happy, they praised the Divine Being for his goodness, and implored his choicest blessings on their children.

One evening, after having spent the day in reaping, the good old Conrade, with Theresa and her family, seated on the turf, were indulging themselves at their own door, they were lost in the contemplation of one of those sweet summer nights which the inhabitants of cities never know.

"Observe," said the old man, "how that beautiful sky is bespangled with stars; some of which, falling from the heavens, leave behind them a long train of fire. The moon, concealed behind these poplars, sheds a pale and trembling light, which tinges every object with its uniform and equable lustre. The breeze is hushed; the trees seem to respect the repose of their feathered inhabitants. The linnet and thrush sleep with their head beneath their wings; the ring-dove and her mate repose amidst their young, which have yet no other covering than the feathers of their mother. Nothing disturbs the solemn stillness of the scene, but that dismal and plaintive scream which at intervals assails our ears; it is the cry of the owl, the emblem of the wicked. They watch while others rest; their complaints are incessant, and they dread the light of heaven. My dearest children, never deviate from virtue, and you will always be happy. Sixty long years have your mother and I enjoyed a happy tranquillity. God grant that none of you may purchase it as dearly as we have done."

A tear stood in the old man's eye. Louise, one of his granddaughters, about ten years old, ran and flung her arms round his neck.

"My dear grandpapa," said she, "you know how pleased we are when you tell us some pretty story; how much more delighted should we all be, if you would tell us your own? It is not late, and the evening is fine."

The rest of the family seconded the re-

quest, and formed themselves in a semicircle before their venerable sire. Louise sat at his feet, and each mother took on her knee the child whose cries might distract attention. They all listened with tender curiosity; while the good old man, stroking Louise's head with one hand, and the other locked in the hands of Theresa, thus began his history—

"It is a long time, my children, since I was eighteen years of age, and Theresa sixteen. She was the only daughter of Aimar, the richest peasant in the village; but never perceived till I fell in love with Theresa. I did all I could to conquer a passion, which I knew must one day or other make me wretched. My poverty, I was certain, would be an insurmountable obstacle to my wishes; and that I must either renounce Theresa forever, or think of some means of becoming rich. But in order to grow rich, I must have left the village where she lived. That effort I found impossible; and I offered myself as a servant to her father."

I was received; and you may imagine with what alacrity I worked. I soon acquired the friendship of Aimar, and the tenderness of Theresa. You, my children, who know what it is to marry the dear object of your affections, have experienced the inexpressible pleasure which is mutually inspired by every interview, every look and every action. Our passion was reciprocally ardent and sincere. Theresa was in all my thoughts; for her I worked; for her I lived; and with her I fondly hoped that happiness would be ever mine.

I was soon undeceived. A farmer in the neighborhood asked Theresa in marriage of her father. Aimar inquired how many acres of land the lover possessed; he found that he was the very husband that suited her, and the day was fixed for the fatal union. We could not perceive a single ray of hope. Theresa was to be compelled to become the wife of a man whose presence she could not endure. We saw but one way by which an evil, otherwise inevitable, could be avoided; it was to fly from the habitation of a father who forgot the tenderness of paternal love in the tyranny of arbitrary pleasure.

In the middle of night we left the village. I placed Theresa on a little horse which one of her uncles had given her. There was no harm, I said, in taking it away, since it did not belong to her father. A small wallet contained our clothes, with a little money which Theresa had saved. For my own part, I would take nothing with me; so true it is, that our youthful virtues are often the offspring of fancy; for while I was robbing a father of his daughter, I scrupled, at the same time, to take the smallest trifle from the house.

We travelled all night, and at daybreak found ourselves on the frontiers of Bohemia. No longer apprehensive of being overtaken, we stopped in a valley, by the side of one of those rivulets of which lovers are so fond. Theresa alighted; she sat beside me on the grass; and we both made a delicious feast from some coarse refreshments I had brought with me. When we had finished our repast, we next considered what steps it would be necessary to pursue. After a long conversation, reckoning our money twenty times over, and estimating the little horse at its highest value, we found that the whole of our fortune did not amount to twenty ducats. Twenty ducats are soon gone. We resolved, however, to make the best of our way to some great town, where we might be less exposed in case of pursuit. I again placed Theresa on her horse, and we took the road to Egra.

The church received us on our arrival, and we were married. The priest had the half of our little treasure for his kindness; but no money was ever given with such pleasure. We fancied that all our misfortunes were now at an end; and, indeed, we had actually purchased the happiness of a week.

At the end of this week, we sold our little horse; and at the beginning of the second month we had nothing left. What could be done? I knew no art but that of husbandry; and the inhabitants of great cities look down with contempt on the art that feeds them. Theresa was not better qualified than myself; she was wretched; she trembled whenever she ventured to look forward. We endeavored to conceal our sufferings from each other; a misery a thousand times more poignant than the sufferings themselves. At length, having no other resource, I enlisted into a regiment of horse. My bounty-money I gave to Theresa, who received it with a flood of tears.

We contrived to subsist upon my pay, and upon such employment as Theresa could procure. At length, she made me the happy father of a child, which endeared us still more, if possible, to each other.

It was you, my dear Gertrude; we considered you as the pledge of our constant love, and the hope of our old age. We have said, and we have never been deceived. You were sent to nurse, for my wife could not suckle you; she was inconsolable on the occasion; she passed the live-long day working by the side of your cradle, while I endeavored, by an assiduous attention to my duty, to gain the esteem and friendship of my officers.

Frederic, my captain, was only twenty years of age. He was superior to every officer in the regiment in affability and figure. He conceived a liking for me. I related my adventures to him. He saw Theresa, and was interested in our fate. He promised that he would write to Aimar in our favor; and he gave me his word that I should have my liberty as soon as he had made my father-in-law my friend. Frederic had already written to our village, but had received no answer.

In the meantime, I was surprised to find that Theresa on a sudden became extremely dejected. When I enquired into the reason, she gave me some evasive answer, and diverted the conversation to her father. Little did I imagine that Frederic himself was the sole occasion of her melancholy.

This young man, with all the ardent incident to youth, could not observe the charms of Theresa without emotion. His virtue was too weak to resist the suggestions of his passion. He knew our misfortunes, he knew how much we depended upon him, and was presumptuous enough to give Theresa to understand what reward he expected for his patronage. My wife could not suppress her indignation at such an offer; but, knowing my temper to be both violent and jealous, she withheld the fatal secret, while I continued to be profuse in the praises of my captain's generosity and friendship.

One day, coming off guard, and coming

home to my wife, who should appear before my astonished eyes but Aimar.

"At last I have found thee!" exclaimed he; "infamous ravisher, restore my daughter!" I fell at his feet; I endured the first fury of his anger. My tears began to soften him; he consented to hear me. I did not endeavor to vindicate myself.

"The deed is done," said I; "Theresa is mine; she is my wife. My life is in your hands; inflict what punishment you please on me; but forgive your child—forgive my only daughter; let her not perish the victim of grief." At that instant, instead of conducting him to Theresa, I led him to the house where you, my dear Gertrude, were at nurse.

"Come," I added; "come and view one more to whom you must extend your pity." You were in your cradle; you were fast asleep; your countenance the picture of innocence and health. Aimar gazed upon you; the big tear stood in his eye. I took you in my arms; I presented you to him.

"This, too, is your child," said I. You awoke; and, as if inspired by Heaven, you smiled full upon him, and extending your little arms, got hold of his white locks, which you twined about your fingers, and drew his venerable face towards you. Aimar smothered you with kisses, and caught me to his bosom.

"Come," said he, "my son, show me my daughter; extending one hand to me, and holding you in his other arm. You may imagine with what joy I brought him to our house."

Apprehensive that the sudden sight of her father might be too much for Theresa, I left Aimar at some distance from the house, in order to prepare her for the tender interview. I opened the door, and the first object I saw was Frederic with Theresa, who was exerting all her strength to escape from his base attempts. In a moment my sabre was in his body. He fell; the blood gushed out; he pierced the air with a cry of anguish; the house was full in a minute. The guards entered; my sword was still reeking; they seized me, and the unfortunate Aimar just arrived to see his son-in-law loaded with iron.

I embraced him; I recommended to him my wife and my helpless child; and then followed my comrades, who saw me lodged in a deep dungeon.

I remained there, in the most cruel suspense, three days and three nights. I was ignorant of Theresa's fate. I saw nobody but an unrelenting goaler, who to all my questions answered, that I need not trouble myself about any thing, for that, in a very few hours, sentence of death would be pronounced upon me.

The third day, the doors of my prison were thrown open, and I was ordered to walk out; a detachment waited for me; I was instantly surrounded, and conducted to the parade. At a distance I perceived the regiment drawn up, and the horrid preparations for my execution. My Theresa and you, my Gertrude, rushed on my distracted mind. I arrived at the fatal spot.

My sentence was read; the executioner was preparing for the fatal blow, when some sudden and piercing cries restrained his arm. I once more started round, and saw a figure, half naked, endeavoring to make way through the guards. It was Frederic.

"Friends," exclaimed he, "I am the guilty man; I alone deserve death; pardon the innocent. I wished to seduce his wife; he punished me; he did what was just; you must be savages if you attempt his life."

The colonel of the regiment flew to Frederic, in order to compose him. He pointed out the law which decreed death against every soldier that should raise his hand against his officer.

"I had not his officer," cried Frederic; "I had given him his liberty the evening before, under my hand. He is no longer in your power."

The astonished officers assembled together. Frederic and Humanity were my advocates; I was led back to prison. Frederic wrote to the minister, accused himself, solicited my pardon, and obtained it.

I went with Theresa and Aimar, to throw myself at the feet of the man who, from being the author of such severe though momentary misery, was now become our benefactor and deliverer. He confirmed the present of my liberty, which he wished to enhance by others that we would not accept. We removed to the village, where the death of Aimar had made me master of all he possessed, and where Theresa and I shall finish our days in happiness and peace, in the midst of your children, and these dear pledges of your love."

His children had crept close to their venerable sire during this affecting narrative; and, when it was finished, they were still in a listening attitude, the tears trickling down their cheeks.

"Be happy," said the good old man; "Heaven has abundantly rewarded me in your love." He then embraced them all round; Louise kissed him twice, and the happy people withdrew for the night.

### "Lucky Pete."

One pleasant day in '37, while sitting in our editorial sanctum in Detroit, a strapping, dirty, ragged, and merry-eyed Irish boy gave us a call, and presented the picture of saucy independence. After gazing at us some time, he burst into a hearty laugh, slapped his hands on his side like a rooster just ready to crow and roared out—

"Och, I've St. Patrick's own luck this time. Such a blessed countenance, Mither Kingsbury, as covers your head!—sure yeas wants a divil; and I'm the very b'y to make a good, honest divil to yeas."

"What is your name?"  
"Good luck to me, I'm called after swate Saint Peter."

"Well, Peter, have you a character?"  
"The best of characters I left in Old Ireland; but sure didn't I forget to bring that same wid me?"

We liked the looks of Pete, and though he was a genuine vagabond in appearance, we thought it would do no harm to try the experiment—and we sent him up stairs to be the "devil" of the printing office.

There was a striking peculiarity about this boy—he was always in "good luck." When he commenced his career with us, he made about as many mistakes as "Handy Andy," but he had an inimitable way of turning them over so as to show their best face, and finally making us see some capital good luck in them. As a specimen, he once by accident knocked over an open ink keg, and came running down to our office, with his face gleaming with joy—"Arrah, now, Mither Kingsbury, I've had the natest good luck this mornin! My fut hit itself against the ink keg and it ran all over the floor, but—"

"Ha!—what!—you blundering—"

"But, my good luck, it didn't touch the paper that's piled up—an' if it had, would n't it have been ruined entirely?"

We don't design to tell a series of anecdotes of this singularly happy character;—our object is rather to refer to him by way of illustration to a moral. Whatever happened, he drew something good from it. In what would dishearten others, he saw only hope. He recognised no clouds to his sky—it was all sunshine. Consequently he encountered no obstacles that he could not overcome.

That boy, before we left, had become one of the most valuable hands in our establishment. By his indomitable good luck he had learned to read and write with us, and finally became our out door business man, on good wages. He was ardently attached to us, and managed in true Irish style to get into constant fights on our account. It was owing to his good luck that he didn't have his breath knocked out of him in some of his manual exercises. He entered our office one day laughingly, with his eye well blacked, and some money in his hand. He handed it to the book keeper, with the name of a new subscriber. It struck our ear at once, for the person named was a bitter political enemy. We asked Pete how it happened. He burst into one of his rich laughs, and replied—

"I met the b'y down by the market, and he talkin' agin yeas, my jewel. I giv him an argument betwene his peepers, and he giv me this ornament over my own. Thin we trooped, and it was myself that got on the top of the blackguard. I just sat myself comfortably, and thin showered the cratur with argimints until he sid 'enough!' By my darlin good luck, I reasoned the baste into subscibin', and thin before I unsated myself I coaxed him with another settler betwene his taathe to hand over the fee for that same. Och, now ye've got him, it'll be you, Mither Kingsbury, that'll make a good dimmicrat ov 'im, and a dacent chrishtian."

Whipping a man into subscribing for a paper is, beyond dispute, a new method. Whether we would advise its general application we have no time to say.

A year ago last summer, we visited Detroit, and were stopped in the street by a well dressed, gentlemanly looking young man who began to cut some extravagant antics. It was Pete—now, by common consent, "Peter Mc—Esq." His good luck and honest labor had, within a few years, put him into the undisputed possession of some three or four thousand dollars, an "illigent wife and two swate childre." He was one of the democratic City Committee, and will ere long be of the Common Council. He had a large store, and was spoken of as a "substantial and rising man." We found, in conversation with him, that Hope was still as large as ever, and his old phrase rolled so oily from his tongue.

Now, we have sketched this character for the special benefit of that large class to be found in all communities called GRUMBLER—who look at the dark side of every thing, and make the most strenuous exertion to render themselves miserable. Heaven has intermingled rays of sunlight with the darkest shades of human life. In the woof of adversity are threads of gold. Complain not, then, but look joyously forward, and when gloom gathers over your mind, think of our sketch of "LUCKY PETE."—*The American.*

## Sketches of the West.

### THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

Every "Buckeye," "Cornercracker," or "Hoosier" has seen or heard of Simon Kenton, the celebrated Indian fighter and hunter. Born and raised amid scenes of strife and danger, he was taught at early age, to rely upon his own energies for protection, and many are the tales we have heard of his indomitable bravery, presence of mind and sagacity—qualities that distinguished the pioneers of civilization in the boundless West, and enabled them to triumph in the darkest hour, and compass difficulties that a less hardy race would have deemed insurmountable.

At one period of Kenton's eventful career he was sitting on a rude bench in front of his cabin smoking a corn-cob pipe, and entertaining a number of "responsibilities," with narratives of by gone days, and stirring events in which he was a prominent actor.

The sun had gone down in a blaze of glory, as the novelists say, tinging the forest with a mellow light, and now robing in gorgeous hues the giant oaks that stand like pillars against the cerulean firmament. An Eden-like stillness reigned around the humble dwelling of the war-worn veteran—the hum of insects ceased, and twilight was stealing on space, soothing the turbulent passions of our nature, and lending an indescribable charm to the woodland scene. At this moment a noise was heard by Kenton, and in an instant the form of an Indian was seen emerging from a thicket in front of the hut.—The red man did not advance with the caution of his tribe but crushing the reeds that obstructed his passage, marched with a bold step to the cabin, and stood before Kenton "in all his native majesty."

"Good evening," said the Indian, who spoke good English, "how is Mr. Kenton, the Eagle eyed as we call him?"

"Well, very well you red-skinned vagabond! What brought you to Simon Kenton's cabin at such an hour as this?"

"Revenge!"

"Ah! you can't forget that brush eh?"  
"Never, old man. You killed my father, and the great Spirit says I must have blood for blood."

"Well, Ingen, you know where Simon Kenton's hut stands, and when you call upon him in day-light, like a white man, you'll find him on hand."

"Enough! We will meet at the rising of the sun to-morrow, in the 'Fallen Timber.' You know the place. I could have revenged my father, who has gone to a happy hunting ground, by killing you at your door, but that would not have been according to my notions of honor among red men."

"Yes, Ingen, we will meet at sunrise, exactly, and recollect, as soon as we pass the morning compliments, the work begins. You want to kill me, for revenge, as you say as I happened to kill your father. Very well, Ingen. Simon K. knows what's right, and when we meet, luck will decide it. I will take my old rifle, and can be found at the crossing, you know where. All you have got to do in the morning, is to make a bee line for the

spot, and when you see old Simon, blaze away!"

The two parted in apparent friendship and the old man retired to rest. At dawn, he arose, and made preparations for the conflict, which he knew must be deadly. Balls were made—flints picked—powder examined, &c., and without communicating to his family his intention, he sauntered forth, and was soon at the appointed place. He found the Indian had anticipated his arrival, and was leaning upon his rifle at a short distance from the place he had designed, in a thoughtful mood. Signs were exchanged, and then commenced a "brush fight" never surpassed. The Indian fired, and missed and then took shelter behind a large hickory. Kenton was cool and collected, and trying again the flint of "Black Bet," told his antagonist to stand forth. The Indian had reloaded, and both chose a position, and fired, without effect. Quick as thought the "artful dodger" that followed can be better imagined than described. From tree to tree the assailants glided, and every means ingenuity could invent was resorted to by them to gain an advantage. This lasted for some moments, when the Indian finding he could not outwit his white antagonist in the woods, came forward, and proposed that both should go to a clearing at hand, with uncharged rifles, and at a signal agreed upon, load and fire. Kenton readily accepted the offer, and repaired to the clearing. The remainder is soon told. As soon as the signal was given, both began loading with the utmost haste, being distant from each other but a few yards. The Indian's movements were hurried but certain—Kenton was more methodical, but no less effective, and the ramrods were drawn out at the same time. Kenton, however, made a fatal mistake. Instead of throwing his rod on the ground, as his antagonist did, he attempted to put it in its place while doing so, received a ball that sent his spirit to a better world.

Years have rolled away since the occurrence we have mentioned, but there are many yet in the land of the living who remember the sad fate of the old warrior. Near the translucent Licking may be found the grave of as noble a spirit as ever filled a tenement of clay.

## Miscellaneous Items.

What is a final Catastrophe?—Can you tell me, said an ignoramus to his learned spouse, "what a final catastrophe is?"

"It is," replied the amiable partner of his bosom, "the end of all things."

Upon going to market next morning, his head filled with the sublime idea, the husband ordered his butcher to send him the final catastrophe of a sheep's tail.—*N. Y. Union.*

What's in a Name?—Married in Burlington, Iowa Territory, on the evening of the 1st of February, Mr. David Augustus Gentry, formerly of Baltimore, Md., to Miss Mary Donna Maria Hight (De Refugi Antonio Mucia Isadora Bernardar, De Jesu Solares, of the city of Mexico.

Reading the Will.—The will of a rich gentleman was opened at a hotel at the West-end, one day last week. Each party looked "unutterable things" when the reader after the usual opening began as follows:—

"I leave to my dear friend, Colonel G., ten thousand pounds, three per cent; and to my esteemed cousin, George W.—all the like sum, and in consideration of the uniform kindness of my nephews and nieces, I leave them each, &c., &c., with the usual bequests to executors, servants, funeral expences, &c., &c., in the whole, a long string of legacies, with the eternal good wishes of the deceased." "Signed, sealed, and delivered by me in the presence of," &c., &c.

All parties would now have been satisfied, had it finished thus! but the reader started, and with a look of surprise, (for he was included in the donations) said here is a cordial!—and with a sigh, the sincerity of which could consequently, not be doubted, he read aloud that which his eye had hastily scanned "Cordial! if I had died possessed of the wealth herein stated, I should have left it to them, my dear and valued friends. But I have been imprudent, and since making this my will, I have lost twice the sum therein set down, and, perhaps, have not more to leave than may be required to bury me; my dear and kind friends must, therefore, take the will for the deed!"—*Court Gazette.*

How to clean Kid Gloves.—Take a piece of flannel, moisten it with a little milk, rub it on a cake of nice hard soap, and then apply it to the soiled part of the glove. As soon as you have removed the dirt, rub the kid with a dry piece of flannel. Care must be taken not to make the glove too wet. In these hard times people scour up and make every thing go as far as they can.

The Fashions.—Wherever we see a plate of ladies' fashions in a periodical, we endeavor to smuggle the temptor out of sight. What mines of wealth would be opened to poor husbands if there was no world called the world of fashion. How well, how economical, how happily would things glide on if we were not for these plates of fashion. We all have heard of Miss Smith, the Princess of Capua. The Princess, her lord and master, was sued lately by her milliner for the following articles. A cloak, lined with ermine, 800f; a bonnet, 210f; a satin gown, 450f; another trimmed with silver, 1700f; a pair of slippers, 25f; a dress gown, "pompadour broches or etoie," 875f; a berthe, 337f 50c; a velvet valentine, 250f; a red cachemire turban, 212f 50c; &c.—*N. Y. Union.*

Steam Ships.—When the French Government do move in any project they move efficiently, although to speak the truth, they ponder a long time on any project. Steam ships and steam frigates are now becoming the rage, and we have no doubt that France will run ahead of every nation. No less than fourteen packets of 30 guns each, are now in progress of building under the following arrangement:—Four steamers will run to and from New York, and the rest will convey mails and passengers to and from France and the West Indies, Brazil, and the Gulf of Mexico. The fares for passengers will be considerably less than the charges of the English West India Mail Steam Packet Company. The whole of the postage paid to the English Government for the correspondence between France and the United States and the French West Indies will be lost to this country after the French Atlantic steamers have commenced running."

Rich and Poor Bishops.—The late Dr. Dickinson, Bishop of Meath, has died so poor that contributions are being solicited for his family. Porter, Bishop of Clogher, left upwards of £20,000 behind him; and the celebrated Lord Norampton, Archbishop of Dublin, known in Ireland by the sobriquet of "Ager the Nagar," scraped together £400,000 by penny and excisions. When the great Dr. Doyle died, four-pence half penny was found in his pockets, this being the whole of his worldly wealth.

Transcendentalism.—The North American, published in Philadelphia, gives the following definition of a word, which is much used, and but little understood at the present day:

"Transcendentalism is an attempt at a metaphysical disquisition on the organic laws of spirituality and their operation upon the material universe in general and man in particular; an attempt to analyze that which has neither weight nor measure, being an insupportable substance, indivisible in its own nature, and incomprehensible to all finite intelligences; in other words, transcendentalism is

the imagination run riot on a sea of speculation, without helm and without compass."

Singular Case of Blindness.—A St. Louis (Mo.) paper states that some time since, a young man, who was quite blind, and had been so for more than six months, was taken to Dr. Vanzant of that city, who has become somewhat celebrated for his skill in curing diseases of the Eye. The Doctor, after a short examination, stated that the patient had shed two of his upper teeth, which was the sole cause of his blindness. Upon extracting the teeth, the sight was immediately restored.

"The sweetest hours that e'er I spend, Are spent among the 'lasses, O!" as the little nigger said, when he licked out the empty hoghead.

The best Revenge.—The most decisive proof of a heroic heart is when a man has his enemy in his power, and can revenge himself as he pleases, but instead of gratifying a passion which common men give loose to on such an occasion, he overrules the unjust hatred against him, and returns him good for evil.

CANNIBALS.—The February number of the Missionary Herald contains an article extracted from the London Missionary Magazine in relation to the character of the native inhabitants of the New Hebrides, a group of islands in the Pacific. The following from the pen of Rev. Mr. Murray, is a part of it:—

"The inhabitants of Erromanga, in many respects, resemble those of Tanna and Britannia. They are somewhat inferior in their appearance, but their dress is the same, and they pursue the same fashion. They have also the same kind of war-weapons—clubs, spears, bows and arrows, and slings; and they kill and eat each other in the same way, only, it would appear to a greater extent; their wars are similar, but much more frequent; and their houses and manner of life are substantially the same. Judging, however, from what I have seen of them, and from the accounts of the teachers stationed on the respective islands, they are by far more savage and barbarous. Their wars, as has been remarked above, are more frequent than those of their neighbor islands; even their women go to war among themselves, and fight and kill each other with stones and clubs. There seems to be hardly any recognition among them of mutual rights. Any person found alone, old or young, man or female, is killed and eaten. This is a general custom among the people, in which, I suppose, chiefs and people of rank are exceptions.

Every individual, except when very young, is armed at all times; and when persons meet, it is customary for the parties to assume a hostile attitude, which often leads to serious consequences. When a husband and wife go to work in the bush, they are obliged to take their children with them, a dervy article of property if they possess; children left behind run the greatest risk of being killed and eaten, and any article of property, if stolen, is sure to be stolen; so heedless are these wretched people of the rights of each other.—Sometimes even the members of a family will kill one another. On one occasion the teachers witnessed the murder of two females by members of their own family. Any foreigner falling into their hands, unless he have relations who can protect him, is killed and eaten, even though he may belong to an island more than ten or fifteen miles distant; so instances of this kind occurred shortly before the teachers reached Erromanga. A party from Euanan, consisting of ten persons, by some means got ashore on the island, and every one of them were killed and eaten. The teachers saw the heads of three of them stuck upon poles."

Wise Counsels.—The following well-written and excellent items of advice are by Mr. Gentry, of The Tribune. He is addressing the young.

Avoid the common error of esteeming a college education necessary to usefulness or eminence in life. Such an education may be desirable and beneficial—to many it is doubtless so.—But Greek and Latin are not real knowledge; there have been great and wise and surpassing useful men in all ages, who knew no language but their mother tongue. Besides, in our day the treasures of ancient and contemporary foreign literature are brought home to every man's door by translations, which embody the substance, if they do not exhibit all the beauties of the originals. If your circumstances in life enable you to enjoy the advantages of a college education, do not neglect them—above all, do not misimprove them. But if your lot be different, waste no time in idle repining, in humbling beggary. The stern half-respecting independence of your soul is worth whole shelves of classics. All men cannot and need not be college bred—not even those who are born to instruct and improve their mind. You can never be justly deemed ignorant, or your requirements contemptible, if you embrace and fully improve the opportunities which are fairly offered you.

Avoid likewise the kindred and equally pernicious error that you must have a profession—must be a Clergyman, Lawyer, Doctor, something of the sort—in order to be influential, useful, respectable, or, to state the case in its best aspect, that you may lead an intellectual life. Nothing of the kind is necessary—very far from it. If your tendencies are intellectual—if you love Knowledge, Wisdom, Virtue, for themselves—you will grow in them, whether you live by a profession, or trade, or by selling the ground. Nay, it may be doubted that the farmer or mechanic, who devotes his intellectual pursuits from a pure love of them, has not some advantages therein over a professional man. He comes to his book in the evening with his head clear, and his mental appetite sharpened by the manual labor tending lightly the spirit, or brain; while the lawyer, whose business has been racking his wit for a remedy adapted to some new modification of his next sermon, will next approach the evening volume with senses jaded and palled. There are few men, and perhaps few women who do not spend uselessly in sleep or play or frivolous employments more time than would be required to render them at thirty well versed in History, Philosophy, Ethics, as well as Physical Sciences.

An opulent merchant of Boston was called on by a friend in behalf of charity. As the time was approaching his clerk went whole waters instead of halves. His friend thought the circumstance was unpropitious; but to his surprise, on listening to the appeal, the merchant subscribed \$500. The applicant expressed his astonishment that any person who was so particular about half a water should present \$500 to a charity; but the merchant said, "It is by saving half waters and attending to such little things that I have something to give."

An Odd Advertisement.—The following advertisement appeared in one of the New Orleans papers.—Notice. I hereby announce to my friends and patrons, that my wife has this morning presented me with a healthy boy, and that I continue my tailoring business at No. 29 Magazine street, in which I respectfully solicit public patronage.

S. M. BOES.

To PRESERVE BACON FROM FLIES.—*Mrs. Editor.*—My simple mode of preserving bacon may be of use to some of your readers. I lay it to down in charcoal, I find it preserved from the fly and kept perfectly sweet, without any further trouble. I then putting the coal between the several layers, not only prevent the coal from coming in contact with the meat, but also prevent the fly from coming in contact with the meat, and so on until it is all consumed. The flies will not touch it. The coal is easily washed off before cooking, and is good for coal in which it has been packed, is as good as burning as ever.—*Ab. Cultivator.* R. JUNIOR.